PEACE!

"CAVANDER'S

Army Club"

CIGARETTES

Sold by the leading Tobacconists everywhere.

OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT—A REQUEST. *See Page 10.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 651. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

A SHAM ARMISTICE

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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If the day is raw, if there's a chance of 'flu, a danger of cough or cold, give 'em a cup of hot

MILKMAID MILK-COCOA

The Cocoa with the Milk-Chocolate flavour. Nothing half so comforting and warming. Although a beverage, it feeds and nourishes too.

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FOR WINTER WEAR.
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Have you shut up unnecessary rooms?

Have you taken out every unnecessary light?

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Are you keeping a reserve of coal for illness?

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 651. Week ending Saturday, November 23rd, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Feeding the Germans.

President Wilson is anxious that the Allies should come to the rescue of the starving Germans. Well, there is one way in which America can take the lead. Let her send to the Germans some of that "bacon" she has been sending us—*and make them eat it!*

Trial by Jury.

Now that the war is over, not a day should be lost in restoring the right of Trial by Jury—and disqualifying all aliens from serving as jurymen. Perhaps "F. E." will look into the matter.

Drink Control.

And, by the way, another war emergency institution to get rid of at once is that ridiculous Liquor Control Board. You cannot properly celebrate Peace on Government swipes.

New Issues.

And if we are going to get on with the business of Reconstruction—and not let the cream of it slip out of our hands—there must be no further restriction upon the issue of fresh capital by Joint Stock concerns.

The New Speaker.

The "elevation" of Sir George Cave leaves the Speakership of the Commons, when shortly it becomes vacant, a walk-over for Mr. Whitley, the present Deputy Speaker—and "one of the best."

Haldane's "Home."

Lord Haldane has—somewhat late in the day—been explaining that "Spiritual Home" of his, in Germany. It appears that when he used the phrase he was thinking of the "influence" of a German tutor over him in his early days. And now, apparently, it has returned to him in his second childhood.

Taking Our Pleasures.

It used to be said that we English take our pleasures sadly. The author of that phrase ought to have spent his evenings last week in Trafalgar Square. Yet in so far as there was any excess of exuberation, it was entirely the fault of the Authorities in failing to provide any means of outlet for the pent-up sentiment of the people.

Safety Valves.

By the way, have you considered *this* aspect of the matter—we quote an eminent professor: "There is no doubt that to some men sprees and excesses of almost any kind are medicinal"? Undoubtedly most of our Puritan friends look as though a little medicine would do them good.

Questioning British Prisoners.

Here is one of the questions which were always put by the Huns to their prisoners:—"What is your opinion of Mr. Bottomley?" Wonder why they wanted to know!

"Our" Army.

Did you notice this change of language in the King's recent messages? And, by the way, has His Majesty yet sent a message to Foch and Haig? If he hasn't, we are sure it is not *his* fault.

The General Election.

We shall be obliged if readers will kindly send us copies of the Election Addresses of their candidates, marking any paragraphs to which they desire to call our special attention.

To Candidates.

And with a view to compiling our List of Candidates to be supported, we invite correspondence from prospective candidates, giving us their views on the Terms of Peace and other matters arising out of the war.

That Red Flag.

Before you blame the railwaymen, and other honest workers, for these red-flag demonstrations, you should go to the meetings and make yourself acquainted with the character *and alien nationality* of the "revolutionaries."

A Trench Trophy.

A Canadian Colonel has forwarded us a unique trophy from the trenches. It consists of a large painting of a bull, with "John" written under it—and Boch officers have been busy using it as a target, each "hit" bearing the signature of the successful marksman. If only they could have got the original!

The Angelus.

Several readers, apropos of our plea for the Angelus bell, send us copies of the Roman Catholic prayer associated with that institution. We are, however, in no way interested in the doctrinaire aspect of the matter. It is the Bell we want.

A Lead from Hackney.

Good old Hackney has given another lead to the country. This is the notice which the local tradesmen have resolved to exhibit in their shops:—"No Germans, no Austrians—whether naturalised or not—will be served at this establishment; nor will any goods manufactured in their countries be sold here." *That's* the stuff to give 'em!

"Name!"

"Who was the exalted person who was smuggled into a box at the Bottomley meeting at the Albert Hall?" asks the *London Mail*. We wonder!

"A Comic Opera."

By the way, that is how *Common Sense* describes our meeting. We presume that is why it was so serious!

"Member for England."

On the other hand, "Vanoc," of the *Referee*—certainly not less renowned than the *Common Sense* scribe—speaking of the meeting, says: "Mr. Bottomley may not be a plaster saint, but he is to-day more truly 'Member for England' than was Edmund Burke in his prime." So there!

Laying it On!

Thus Mr. Ronald McNeil, M.P.: "But for Mr. Lloyd George we should have lost the war—and no gallantry of our fleets and armies could have saved us." Look out for our hon. friend's name in the New Year's Honours!

Colonel Grant Morden.

Despite that ridiculous "dope" agitation, this cruelly maligned man has been adopted by an overwhelming majority as Coalition candidate for Chiswick. We congratulate both the Coalition and Chiswick.

Levy on Capital.

This is said to be the Government alternative to making Germany pay a War Indemnity. It will be popular with the working classes—especially in Germany. But it will *not* be good for trade.

The Silver Badgers.

Isn't it about time that all the various organisations formed to look after the interests of discharged and demobilised sailors and soldiers came together and agreed to unite forces for the common good?

A Rare Opportunity.

We have received a very handsome little cigar case as a prize for having been a "successful competitor"—we have not the pleasure of knowing who entered us for the prize—in "a competition for the names of the ten most popular men in Britain," promoted by the Newport (Mon.) Branch of the Welsh Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers. The thing, of course, now is to find the cigars.

Make Them Pay.

Now that the war is over, will the Home Secretary please give us an undertaking that no Germhun shall be allowed to run away home and evade his legal liabilities? As we write, the rascal Vorwerk, interned in the Isle of Man, to whose case we have frequently referred, is still sending money to his paramour—while his lawful English wife has received nothing from him for years. *That* won't do.

Oath for Sinn Feiners.

A Mitchelstown reader suggests that the way to put the Sinn Feiners out of action at the General Election is to pass a short Act demanding an oath of allegiance as a condition of parliamentary candidature. The Sinn Feiners would not take the oath, he says, and therefore they could neither stand nor sit. Our own notion is that the Sinn Feiners, like the Germhuns, are not at all particular what they take.

No Votes for Patriots.

The motion is that every man who has fought for his country should have a vote at the next election. The "Ayes" have it, of course, unanimously, but the Registration Law provides otherwise. Discharged men, who though re-settled in civil life were not householders when the new voters' lists were compiled, are being told that they have no right to take part in the election, but must wait till the *next* register is got ready. It ought to be somebody's business to remedy this scandal without delay.

Trying it On.

"What shall it profit a man," asks Mr Churchill, "if he gain the whole world and then 'come a cropper' over demobilisation?" Well, it's for the Government to see that he doesn't, and the munition workers must be looked after as well as the soldiers. We hear of one large firm engaged on Government work that has given its unskilled and some skilled workers a week's notice of dismissal, afterwards signing them on again *on condition that they agree to accept one hour's notice of final discharge.* This sort of thing must be stopped at once.

Ill Fame.

Even to the last the Huns have been finding comfort in the nonsensical utterances of Leicester's mad M.P. It was the policy of the Germhun High Command to publish translated extracts from the *Labour Leader*, and similar newspapers, in field journals circulated among the troops, and in a Hun billet recently captured by our men an article by Ramsay Macdonald, attacking Sir Edward Grey and blaming Great Britain for the outbreak of the war, was prominently displayed on the wall. Perhaps there could be no more fitting comment on the man's stinking record in the war.

The Devil's Tithe.

We should like to get (1) the scale of wages paid by John Lewis and Co., of Oxford Street, and (2) the scale of fines inflicted by the Magistrates at Marlborough Street. What the generous drapers pay their juniors may be imagined when a shop-walker of 60 gets £100 a year. That at present prices is not a bare living wage. And the man is in a responsible position. The grossly underpaid old man kept 1s. 6d. received from a customer, and "in consideration, etc.," the merciful Magistrate fined him only one-tenth of his yearly income. But draper Lewis did not even receive a caution.

Parsons' Compliments.

Private the Rev. Newton Parsons, 155995, No. 7 Co., R.A.M.C., stationed at Devonport, has acquired a high opinion of the wounded Hun. "My present work," he reveals in the *Cary Deanery Magazine*—he is Rector of Pen Selwood—"is waiting on wounded German prisoners; they are dear boys, and if any of you would like to send me some flowers or cigarettes for them I should be glad." Charity covers a multitude of sins.

The Old Brigade.

The fighting men of to-day will be among the first to claim that the old soldiers of other times must not be left in the cold when justice is done. One man's record may stand as a picture of many. He served 21 years; in India, Burmah, the Chin Country, and the Boer War. He has five war medals and clasp, the Good Conduct Medal—and 7s. 6d. a week to keep himself and family out of the workhouse. Such services demand better recognition.

Almonds.

How is it that the only licences allowed for the shipment of almonds to this country from Mogador are granted by the British Government to Moroccan natives, who are stuffing their pockets with money derived from the sale of sweet almonds in London at 400s. a cwt. and bitter almonds at 300s. a cwt.—the pre-war price being 55s. to 60s. a cwt.? It is put to us that if all shippers were treated alike the price would fall, as the crop is large.

The Objectionable Objects.

A Woolwich newspaper has come out with an advertised appeal to "Employers Willing to Engage Conscientious Objectors Under Usual Conditions of Employment." There is an address at which feeble-minded employers may obtain the nasty Objects alluded to, but we expect there was no rush for samples. As for applying "usual conditions of employment" to the Conchies, we should imagine the usual thing to be—a week's notice in lieu of salary, and to go at once! Even the Hun prisoners have refused to work with them! Could there be a more debasing sign of contempt?

A Stingy Pension.

The widow of a soldier who died in April, 1917, has been refused a pension allowance in respect of her fourth child, on the ground that it was born more than nine months after her husband's discharge from the Army. If this is a fixed rule, it is a most unjust one. The fatherless child has to be fed and clothed, and in this particular case the action of the Pensions Ministry is peculiarly mean, seeing that the widow has been kept out of her pension for eighteen months, although, following an article in these columns, the matter has been cleared up, and payment of arrears promised.

"The Gallant Dead."

Having seen reason to admonish the behaviour of Broad Haven in the burying of bodies washed ashore, it is our wish to acknowledge the sweeter humanity displayed at Solva, on the other side of St. Bride's Bay. The bodies of two seamen, one a Chinaman, were reverently interred in the Parish Churchyard after services conducted by ministers of three denominations. Equal honour and respect were shown to the remains of a woman, also washed ashore. Solva, for its tender reverence to men and women "unknown," earns the gratitude of all who have loved ones at sea.

No Aliens Wanted.

If a Manchester Labour Exchange could recommend an unnaturalised Austrian of military age as a presser of soldiers' great-coats while the war was still on, what will it do now that the armistice is signed? Perhaps we cannot now ask for this man to be interned, but with our boys so soon coming home, at least we can insist that Labour Exchanges do not keep the names of enemy aliens on their books, and insult business men who object.

No Jam Yet.

What's this new game or muddle about the jam? From several quarters we hear of people—of course poor people, as a rule—being unable to obtain their jam rations. "I am told I must wait eight weeks before I can get jam," writes a Walthamstow woman, "as it is in 2-lb. jars. Unless you have a very large family you get none." What are the authorities doing about it? We are rather tired of trying to solve these mysteries.

A Bank's Bounty.

One of the London Army banking-houses, moved at length to compassionate its suffering servants, has sprung a War Grant upon them. Its unwonted munificence takes the form of a beggarly half-crown a week—better than nothing at all, but not much so. And the Bank has done the thing in trembling secrecy, decreeing:—"This matter is to be considered a private one between the House and yourself. Any divulging of information will incur their displeasure." Yet out it comes!

The 'Baccy Bungle.

The restrictions on the supply of tobacco continue to harass good men. An ex-soldier has taken a shop at Eastleigh, opposite the Military Hospital. His predecessor in the business had some disagreement with the local wholesaler, and, in consequence, no supplies, or next to none, are forthcoming. Soldiers visiting the shop go empty away, making their purchases later on in the town. This state of thing spells hardship, and demands the attention of the Tobacco Controller, who has been none too energetic.

A Mysterious Tragedy.

"To us who witnessed the occurrence it seemed to be nothing less than murder." This is not the reckless utterance of an individual, but the signed statement of a number of experienced seamen attached to a naval convoy, describing the fate of a signalman on board a torpedoed merchantman, who, rendered insensible by shock, had apparently been left *on the bridge* of the sinking vessel after the captain and the rest of the crew had taken to the boats. Such an inexplicable occurrence seems to call for searching inquiry. Are the facts known at the Admiralty?

One of the Waacs.

She was a healthy widow woman when she joined the Waacs, but had a breakdown after 12 months in France. Sent home, and ill in bed, she—like another of our readers—was asked to return her uniform costume, and her landlady did so. She is now finally discharged, record "Very Good"—and has not a rag to wear. When she goes to hospital the landlady, a good but poor soul, lends her a frock. And when she asks for money due to her, all she hears is that it "will be sent on." In the circumstances, surely she is entitled to a civilian's outfit on leaving the Women's Army

Who Is He?

At the Leicester County Police Court the other day, Mr. Willibaldus Amundus Yulians Huff was fined 20s., not for having a name like a wet winter, but for driving a motor-car without lights. Can anybody give us an idea of the defendant's nationality? Since the offence occurred at Leicester, perhaps Peaceful Mac can help us.

Wholesale Murder.

More and more instances are brought to our notice of prisoners-of-war who are reported to have died immediately after having sent an "all's well" postcard to their friends. We agree with our correspondents that the cases need looking into; and, armistice or no armistice, the devils who have done our boys to death shall not escape—as seems to be the intention in some official quarters.

"Friend After Friend Departs"—

Thus a reader: Friend after friend departs, who hath not lost a friend, there is no union here of hearts that finds not here an end—as the profiteer said in his heart the other night when, rattling the money in his pocket, amid the resounding silence of the joy bells, he heard that the Boche had got down and got under. Not a few people who have been having a fine time in the unholy game of transmuting blood into boodle are already beginning to feel the war slipping out of their pockets, and by their low sad murmurs when in each other's company one knows they have begun to mourn their awful loss.

An Utter Outsider.

Strange that Kingston-on-Thames should have nurtured such an outsider as the man Stirling, of 54, Clarence Street. In advertising for a photographic operator, he adds the insulting stipulation, "No war products need apply." That a decent trade paper like the *British Journal of Photography* should insert an advertisement of this abominable character is beyond understanding.

The Taverner Frauds.

Now that the rascal Taverner is securely lodged in gaol, his Middle Age Pension Society ought immediately to be wound up, and such funds as it holds distributed among the members. Unfortunately, the remaining officials have been scandalously slow in the discharge of this simple duty. "An official Statement of Affairs," members are now informed, "is in course of preparation, and will be forwarded in due course." It is already seriously overdue.

Nurses', Uniform.

"Our cloak and bonnet have been so degraded from time to time," complains a nurse, "that few of us care to be seen in them, and have taken to coats and hats. Now even our ward uniform is not sacred to us. Last week I saw a girl cleaning steps with an army cap on (the large white square) and frequently one meets the nursemaids wheeling perambulators with army caps under blue veils. The girls may not know any better, but their mistresses certainly ought to." The uniform ought to be registered and permitted to nurses only.

Old Age Pensions.

Recently we deplored that Old Age Pensions do not start from the 70th birthday, but from the Friday after the Committee grant them. A Pensions Officer tells us "we are evidently not aware" a person can make his claim four months in advance. We were well aware of it. But the old folk are not; they would even deem it dishonest to ask four months in advance. They wait until 70, and then suffer weeks of delay without a penny. In all genuine cases the pension should date back to the birthday.

An Anachronism.

Who is Mr. John N. Copeman of 7, Grosvenor Road, Norwich, we have not the faintest idea; but he is evidently quite out of touch with the spirit of these stirring times. In any case it is evident Mr. Copeman is a pum-puritan of the first water. "I believe it is true," he writes with tears slopping over his ink-pot, "that even while Sunday evening services were being held in St. Andrew's Hall a band was playing in Blackfriars Hall, billiard tables were in full swing, and beer being served." In other words, the building named has been open as a "wet" canteen. The gentleman unctuously slobbers about our men being "tempted aside by beer and billiards." That shocks us nothing; but Heaven save them being tempted aside by cant and cocoa.

Your Last Chance.

This is the last week of our offer of 1,000 Turkeys as "Bullets" prizes. Send in your coupon at once or you will be too late.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Lord Downham of Fulham.

MY DEAR HAYES FISHER,—Excuse me for addressing you, for the last time, by your old name; not that I do not like your new one—Lord Downham—of Fulham. How often you *have* downed 'em at Fulham! But I just want to say that I hope you will be happy in your new political home. You have done well at the Local Government Board—even if you *did* decline to upset the whole apple-cart with a view to an early election—and you have well earned your promotion to the assembly where the Hogges cease from troubling, and the Pringles are at rest. Good luck!

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate.

DEAR POETASTER,—Now's your chance! For one thing, we are all ready to sing and shout with glee, and waiting for you to set words to the music of our hearts. For another, they are wanting a new verse to the National Anthem, to celebrate the valour and loyalty of the Overseas Dominions—and that I should have thought would have been exactly where *you* would come in. I must ask you to please let me hear from you very shortly, as otherwise I shall have no reply to the people who keep on asking me why you don't get out and make room for a real poet.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. George Edward Rutter, 11, Whitecliffe Avenue, Portsmouth.

SEMI-REVEREND SIR,—You are a lay preacher, and you are rich. I presume you have no gratitude towards the soldiers for what they have done to protect such things as you. Else how could a godly man (and a rich) turn a soldier's wife into the street because he wanted her two rooms *to store garden produce?* Let me provide you with a couple of texts for your next sermon. The first begins, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these," and the second, "Ye hypocrites!" They ought to make a sensation.

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut. Gen. T. H. J. C. Goodwin, Director-General, Army Medical Service.

SIR,—A certain precautionary warning which has reached me induces me to suggest to you that soldiers and sailors sent home to resume civilian life should be accorded sulphur baths and change of clothing. The conditions of the war have been such that the boys may come back with many diseases of which, if we do not take the earliest and best precautionary measures, we shall only realise the extent when they are out of control. An ounce of prevention is worth tons of cure.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. J. Jones, March, Cambridgeshire.

DEAR SIR,—It was high time for someone to speak out vigorously, as you did, about "the attitude of Town Councils, Food Control Committees, and other public bodies engaging lady clerks or friends of members without giving the discharged men an opportunity," and I am glad of the chance to repeat and endorse your protest. As you say, and as I have myself said repeatedly, "there can be found, among the ranks of the discharged, men who are quite fit to occupy any position in the country." The sooner the authorities wake up to that fact the better.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Hardman Lever and Stanley Baldwin, Esq., M.P., Joint Financial Secretaries to the Treasury.

GENTLEMEN,—Since 1855, Mr. John Jackson, of Dunmow, Essex, has been laboriously engaged in teaching, lecturing and writing with commendable success, but small recognition, in the interests of education. Even if it stood alone, his assiduous, enthusiastic work as founder of the Ambidextral Culture Society constitutes a claim to the attention of the Treasury, especially in the post-war days ahead. Mr. Jackson has fallen through long illness on hard times, and I therefore take leave to suggest to you that the matter of a grant or a pension in the case is one which merits sympathetic recommendation to his Majesty.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. and Mrs. Kelewski Lewis, Bethune Road, Stoke Newington.

SIR AND MADAM,—You fled your house to Brighton, and before you fled you hoarded so that when the police entered to investigate a burglary, they found the floors covered with flour and sugar—3 cwt. of flour and 3 cwt. of sugar—on which "thousands of mice" were feeding, and other provisions which the vermin had made unfit for human food. As fine, you will have to pay £200 altogether. This is just a line or two to say I am glad of it, for the Magistrate described it as a "disgraceful case," and I agree with him.

JOHN BULL.

To J. G. Small, Esq., Deputy-Mayor of Nottingham.

DEAR "DEPUTY,"—I am not quite clear as to the purposes for which the Nottingham Corporation recently bought that block of property at Beast-market Hill. The whole business apparently was kept a dead secret from the ratepayers—in the hope, no doubt, of securing a better bargain; but now that the facts have come out, one expert declares that you "did not purchase the property as cheaply by £3,000 as any office-boy could have bought it." As things stand, your formal defence of the action of the Improvements Committee leaves a lot to be explained. You'd have got on better in the daylight.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Robert Smellie, Medwyn, Hamilton, N.B

DEAR SIR,—As a well-known Scottish live-stock salesman your views naturally carry weight, and I am not surprised that you should hotly resent the revictualling of the Hun. The terms of the Armistice are, however, settled, and there's an end. Probably it will be found in the course of a few weeks that our food was never quite so short as the fabrications, fables, fancies, and flim-flams about it were ample. I think it is probable that, even feeding the Hun, it will not now be long before we are not worse off, but better. More than that I will not venture to prophesy.

JOHN BULL.

AN INFAMOUS STORY.

DRAMATIC SEQUEL TO "JUSTICE FOR A NAVAL OFFICER."

DEVELOPMENTS quick and startling have followed upon our demand for justice for ex-Lieutenant Claude Le Sueur, R.N.R. One of his juniors who was concerned in the charges against Sub-Lieut. John Turner, R.N., and upon whose evidence it is clear Le Sueur was dismissed the Service, has confessed to us the full measure of his offence. But as we realised—and that is why we took up his case—Le Sueur has been the victim not so much of the false witness of ex-Sub-Lieut. D'Arcy F. Price, R.N.R., who now admits his cruel error, but of those who cared nothing for his character and career so long as Turner was whitewashed, and of the Board of Admiralty, who ordered that secret Inquiry at Chatham. That Inquiry found Le Sueur practically on his defence; yet he knew nothing of the charges that were to be brought against him; he had no opportunity to obtain legal aid, and he was finally broken on the wheel of callous and bloodless officialdom without right of appeal or hope of remedy. The story is an infamous one.

To realise the full enormity of what has happened we must tell again in a few words what led up to that scandalous secret Inquiry at Chatham in March last. R.N.R. Midshipmen on the *Agamemnon*, then in Mudros Harbour, made charges of indecent conversation and behaviour against Sub-Lieut. John Turner, with the result that a Court-Martial sentenced him to be dismissed the Service. This was watered down by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to loss of seniority, and to be dismissed his ship. That was in 1917; in March of this year, when Le Sueur was doing valuable work in the Hydrographers' Department, he was suddenly summoned to Chatham, brought before a secret Inquiry into the evidence given at Mudros, and as a result kicked out of the Navy, to be left with his wife and child to starve, for all my Lords Commissioners cared. He came to us protesting his innocence, his right to have his character cleared, and the blight on his career removed. Here is the dramatic sequel.

Within two days of that article, "Justice for a Naval Officer," appearing in JOHN BULL, D'Arcy F. Price came to us, and in manly fashion begged us to help him to repair the wrong he had done to Le Sueur. Here is his story: One day in February last he received the following letter from Mrs. Turner, mother of the disgraced Sub-Lieutenant of the *Agamemnon*, from the New Victorian Club, Sackville Street, W.:—

> DEAR MR. PRICE,—I have received a letter from Mr. Foster, R.N.R., and Mr. Hobbs, R.N.R., *on which it is absolutely necessary* I see you without delay. Will you please wire to me by which train you can come up on Friday morning, and I will either meet your train, or will you come right on to the above address? I have written a letter to your Captain asking him to give you 24 hours' leave on urgent private affairs, which is absolutely true.—Yours truly,
>
> NORA TURNER.

As a matter of fact, Price was convalescent, suffering from nerves and heart, after serving on one of the Mystery Ships, and it was in that condition that he ultimately found his way to the New Victorian Club. We leave for the present the intervening circumstances, which can be gone into at that further Inquiry which my Lords Commissioners cannot longer refuse. The outcome of interviews was that in the presence of Mrs. Turner, Price wrote a letter which he now declares is false in every point, that reflects on the character and conduct of Le Sueur. He now admits, as we have stated, that when the middies, particularly one named Lane, complained of Turner's conduct, all Le Sueur, as their senior, did was to help them in presenting their case in proper form. In this letter Turner's conduct towards Lane is thus presented: "At the time I took it for foul play, but now I see it was only boyish fun," and in it every attempt is made to clear Turner at the expense of Le Sueur, while conversations in regard to sexual matters, in which Turner assumed an amazing attitude, of which evidence was given at the Court-Martial, were now represented as quite harmless. "At the time I did not think that Turner's sayings were meant to be evil until I had consulted Le Sueur, who interpreted them for evil." That we now know is all lies. Le Sueur did not interpret—the evil conversations were foully evil.

But those interviews between Price, suffering from nerves, and Turner's mother, produced a second letter, also written at the Club, and in her presence. Again this letter was false, and Price confesses to his sin in the matter. It is a letter written for the purpose of whitewashing Turner's conduct with Lane, and of putting an innocent gloss on gross remarks concerning two other midshipmen, with a reckless disregard of the consequences to Le Sueur, but written, we are told, on the promise that nothing more would be heard of the matter. A few sentences will show the character of this second "confession" of Price—a confession which he now candidly and in a manly way admits was an infamous travesty of the truth:—

> I should like to state that the remarks made by Sub-Lieut. Turner were of ordinary nature, such as hitting Mid. Lane on the back and saying, "What a big behind you've got, boy." This, of course, is a remark anyone might make in a Mess. Also with regard to the mentioning of names, one of the Mids. asked Turner if he knew So-and-So, and he remarked. "Yes, I have often turned So-and-So over." Again, this is an ordinary remark, meaning giving a person six cuts with a cane, but when I reported this to Le Sueur at our nightly meetings he said it meant evil. . . . Also the remark, "I feel lecherous towards you, Lane," that Turner was supposed to have used, was not used at all, but was given to me by Le Sueur.

At the secret Inquiry this particular phrase was put to Le Sueur. He stoutly denied ever having used the word "lecherous," and now Price confesses that Le Sueur was telling the truth and that it *was* Turner who used it in the Mess when Lane was lying on a settee reading. It should here be said for Lane that there was not the faintest suggestion against his moral character—he is a clean young Englishman. We cannot condemn too strongly the methods by which Le Sueur was tried and sentenced without the smallest chance of defending himself. No man's character and career should be made the wanton sport of a secret Inquiry. It is un-English and damnable. Had Le Sueur been given the privilege which is accorded the vilest criminal he would first have been told the grave nature of the charge on which he was summoned to the Chatham Inquiry, and also been placed in a position to seek legal aid. It would appear that the Board of Admiralty, under influences which will have to be revealed, deliberately acted in a manner which put it beyond the power of Le Sueur to contest the evidence. Can it be for a moment doubted that if the letters we have quoted, and Price, who wrote them, had been challenged in the presence of Le Sueur and counsel, the disgraceful circumstances in which they were composed would not have been revealed and thus the whole conspiracy or concoction brought to the ground? We are living in strange and sinister times, when men who have fought either on sea or on land will not readily brook injustice or oppression. We have shown that disgraceful and un-English methods have resulted in a grave miscarriage of justice. Who will now dare to deny to this ex-Naval Officer his right to indemnity and restoration?

THE PRUSSIAN TASSELL.

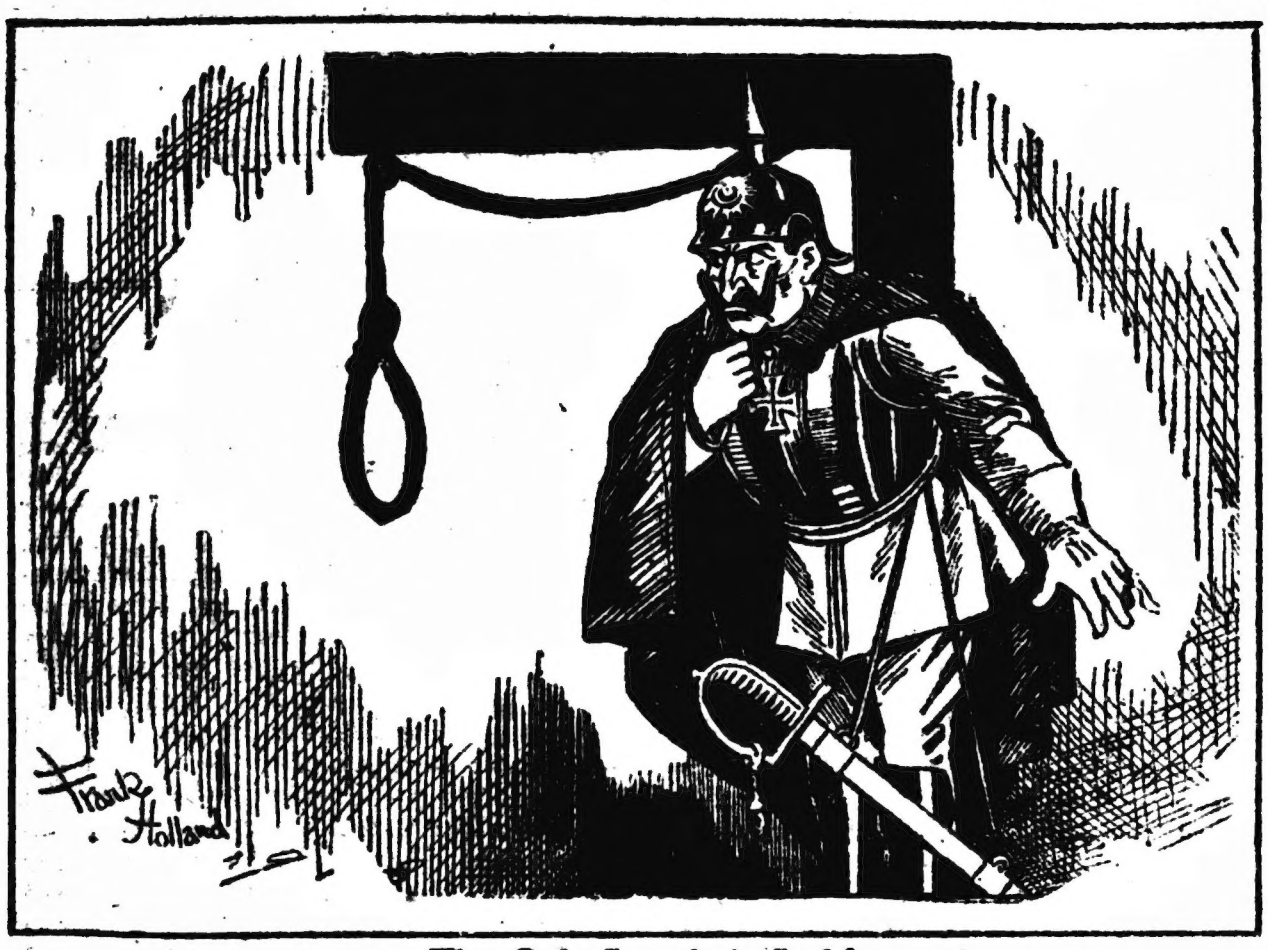
MAGISTERIAL EXHIBITION OF FIRE AND FURY.

If your coal hasn't come in and you haven't any firewood, you know what the weather is like just now. But probably Mr. Alick J. Tassell, Stipendiary Magistrate at Chatham, doesn't know. At any rate, he does not know the meaning of mercy, and for him Justice is a Prussian bully with a whip. To be sure, there is a Tassell at the end of it. The Connors had no firewood; they had two small boys, not to mention a baby, and the little boys were shivering. So, whether with a hint from the parents, or on their own, the two boys (aged 11 and 9) and two others (aged 11) took some firewood, the property of the King, from Southill Barracks. The wood was valued at 1s. sterling. A police-sergeant mentioned that he had gone to the Connors' and found a piece of it there. If he had gone to the houses of people with motor-cars and friends at the barracks he would have found lots. But the Magistrate shook his Tassell, and sentenced the Connors to a month's hard labour apiece, and the four boys to four strokes a-back. And this when "friends of their friends" are using Government fuel wholesale. It was a wicked sentence. True, that after stating he would not alter his decision Tassell did relent, recalled the couple from the cells, and, in consideration of the baby and their good name, merely fined them 40s. each. But baby or no baby, the whole affair is monstrous. The theft was in every respect a trivial one, and the Magistrate is a bully. He congratulates himself on having given the Connors a thorough fright. If he doesn't look out, he may receive one himself from the new Home Secretary.

A DISCHARGE FOR THE DYING.

CALLOUSLY CAST ASIDE LIKE AN OLD GLOVE.

For five years, E. Phillips, unfit for the Army, had worked for the Westbourne branch of a dairy business, a concern with other shops at Bournemouth and Hastings. He toiled seven days a week, never a day off, lately doing the work of two men, from 6 in the morn till 8 or 9 at night, without time for taking one proper meal. Phillips became ill; it is not to be wondered at. On a Friday he was obliged to go home to bed. On Saturday the manager sent for him to return to work. Being willing to slave for his paymasters, he did his best, went back to work, and at mid-day was taken home and put to bed again. On the Saturday following he received a week's notice. There was an appeal to the head of the concern, Charles F. Frowd, Sunnymead Dairies, 21, King's Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea. This was Frowd's response:—"I am sorry you are leaving my service after so many years, but at this distance from Bournemouth I must leave the management of the business entirely in the hands of my manager." Frowd was wrong. Everything was not entirely in the hands of the manager who sacked Phillips. Death was taking part. The dairyman's notice to quit expired on November 9th, but poor Phillips expired on November 6th, and on the stipulated 9th he was buried. "No doubt," writes his brother, "the notice preyed on his mind and helped him to his end." Poor Phillips had worked like a horse in the interests of his employers. And they, when he was stricken down, sent no kindly encouraging word that would have brightened his sick-room and bucked him up. They did not want him any more; how dare he crack up for a day? The boss of all could not be worried, because the man, dying, was so far away. Perhaps Phillips, weakened by overwork, might never have recovered. Had the people been less in a hurry, they might have been spared an unseemly action. Frowd was "sorry" his servant was leaving "after so many years." He may well be sorry; the poor fellow left life itself at the same time.



The Only Loophole Left!

A HOSPITAL MUDDLE.

AMAZING INDIFFERENCE AT HASLAR.

It will be many a long day before the echoes of the Military and Naval Hospital scandal begin to die away. Week by week, more damning evidence accumulates. On the 7th of last month, Stoker Homeyard, of H.M.S. *Comarvon*—a healthy man of 32, with 13 years' service in the Navy—was admitted to the Haslar Hospital, his condition being so serious that his parents, living in Devonshire, were immediately summoned by telegram. The illness was of the mysterious and deadly nature which the doctors, in the absence of exact knowledge, have been describing as "influenzal pneumonia," and in the course of a few days the poor fellow's condition became so critical that his father and mother decided to remain in Portsmouth, if only in order to see the last of their gallant son. Even this sad boon was denied them. The address of their lodgings, left with the authorities, was within easy reach of the Hospital, but no care was taken to summon them to the bedside of the dying man—although, as it afterwards transpired, there was ample time for the purpose. As evidence of the utter carelessness which marked the whole affair, it appears that although the parents had visited the Hospital and stated their intention of remaining in Portsmouth, a telegram announcing their son's death was actually transmitted to their home in Devonshire—so that it was only on calling at the Hospital for information that the father obtained the sad news. Unfortunately, such slovenly indifference in the presence of death has been so common of late as almost to disarm protest, but in the case of Stoker Homeyard there are other mysterious features. What was the result of the post-mortem examination which the parents were persuaded to authorise? Why has the information thus gained been kept secret? Why, after the necessary disinfection of the remains for the purpose of the autopsy, were the parents refused permission to remove the body for burial? Such extraordinary denial of natural parental rights naturally breeds doubt even in the mind of the least suspicious. The conviction grows that there is something radically wrong at Haslar.

A BRUTAL TRAVESTY.

SCANDALOUS ABUSE OF THE BLACK CAP

Still this horrible farce continues. At Belfast the other day a weak-minded lad of 16 was convicted of the wilful murder of a baby. The case was tried by Lord Justice Moloney, who, knowing full well that the prisoner would never be hanged, had a merciful reluctance to pronounce the awful sentence of death. Accordingly a case was stated to the Irish Court of Crown Cases Reserved, the wretched lad, in the meantime, being put back to await sentence. Every Judge on the Bench knew that if the death sentence was passed, it would never be carried out. It was as certain as anything could be that the sentence would be immediately followed by the announcement of a reprieve by the Lord Lieutenant. The question for the Court to determine was whether in these circumstances it was legally necessary for the Judge who tried the case to assume the black cap, look the wretched prisoner in the face, and tell him—knowing it to be untrue—that in little more than a fortnight he would be "hanged by the neck until he was dead." An important consideration in the case was the fact that at the time the offence was committed the prisoner was under 16, it being provided by the Children Act of 1908 that no person under that age shall be sentenced to death in any circumstances whatsoever. But the Court swept aside this plea, holding that everything depended on the boy's age when the Assizes were held. If the trial had taken place a few days earlier, it might have been possible to avoid the cruel and terrible mummery—but, as it was, the crazy boy would have to be put into the dock again and told, though none but he believed it, than in a fortnight he would be hanged. The farce has been duly played out, culminating in the inevitable announcement that the sentence had been commuted by the Lord Lieutenant. What is needed, of course, is a simple amendment of the law, providing that where a Judge has reason to believe that the death penalty will be respited he should be empowered to reserve sentence until, through the Home Secretary, his Majesty's pleasure has been ascertained. This would avoid a farcical circumlocution which reflects very gravely upon the administration of the law.

ANOTHER VICTIM TO DUTY.

COLONEL AND WAR OFFICE OFFICIAL.

When does the War Office intend to act fairly by Capt. W. J. Armstrong, who has been victimised because he rightly protested against the laxity of method of the Commandant, Colonel J. R. Harvey, in his treatment of German prisoners at the Holyport Camp? We have given the facts; we have made very specific statements about the conduct of Colonel Harvey—and yet nothing has been done to redress the wrongs done to Capt. Armstrong. Is it because the War Office are anxious to avoid dealing with the case of Colonel Harvey—who, by the way, is related by marriage to Mr. B. B. Cubitt, the War Office's Assistant Secretary, whose sister, in turn, is the wife of a German professor. It is such relationships of persons in official positions which give cause for doubt and suspicion, and create public discontent. If the present House of Commons is too mouldy and moribund to deal with these matters, then we will secure the return of sufficient members to force this and other scandals exposed in John Bull upon the attention of Parliament.

TIP FOR THE PACIFISTS.

DEFEATIST SOCIETY'S SWOLLEN FUNDS.

We notice that the Snowden-Macdonald crew are still cadging for subscriptions to a fund "for the Relief of the Dependents of Conscientious Objectors." Even if it be conceded that the wives and families of the "Conchies" ought not to suffer privation through the fault of those whose "conscientious" scruples begin a long way from home, why should not the burden of their support be undertaken by the various "Peace" organisations, some of them possessed of ample funds? Take, for instance, the so-called Peace Society. The latest balance-sheet shows that the income for the year ended April 30th, 1918, was no less than £2,004 18s. 3d., a sum so largely in excess of their needs that at the annual squaring up £500 was transferred to Deposit Account, and a further balance of £414 carried forward. It would surely be nothing but just that those who have all along withheld their moral support from the Allied cause should shoulder the burdens of those who, upon various sickly pretences, have evaded military service.

CRUELTY ON THE CHEAP.

STARVING CATTLE AND A PALTRY PENALTY.

Not much doubt will remain in the mind of anyone who reads the evidence given against them in Cheltenham Police Court that Daniel and Thomas Windo, dealers and butchers, of Gloucester, were cheaply let off by the Magistrates, who convicted them of starving their calves—39 in all. These men bought 64 calves at Gloucester—where the market was glutted with them—and despite the verbal warning of the Government slaughterman, that he could deal only with 25, they brought the whole 64 to Cheltenham, but could not get rid of the surplus—with the result that from Saturday to Thursday, when they were killed, they had nothing whatever to eat. They were in a weak and famished condition, absolutely empty. Too weak to cry, they could only moan. And when the poor beasts were killed at last, death a happy surcease of their sufferings, Inspector Jowett, of the R.S.P.C.A., found that "the whole of the kidney fat had disappeared." They had lived, in a real sense, on their own vitals. It looks as if Windo brothers, having got the calves to Cheltenham and finding they could not dispose of the surplus, simply abandoned them to starvation out of malice against the Government slaughterman. The light fine of £5 each inflicted on the defendants is undoubtedly not one which marks a very severe magisterial view of the shocking cruelty disclosed.

A SHAM AR

Fooling Foch—Mr. Hughes' Grave

By TH EDIT

I HAVE been asked by the Government to refrain from discussing the Terms of Peace, on the pretext that any such discussion at this stage is calculated to endanger the unity of the Allies! I regret that I do not see my way to comply with this request. I am in no carping mood. In common with my countrymen, I rejoice that the slaughter and bloodshed of this ghastly war have come to an end. That is the great dominating fact which at the moment overrides and overshadows everything else. But I have not been able to join in the wild festivities which have followed the cessation of fighting. Indeed, I have regarded with some sadness the spectacle of British citizens going mad over a triumph the nature of which they have utterly failed to comprehend, and the peril lurking behind which has been artfully concealed from them. I propose to show that not only the civilian population but also Foch himself have been fooled by the politicians—against whose intervention in the Armistice negotiations I protested from the beginning. As I pointed out then, I repeat that an armistice is a purely military and naval affair, to be determined exclusively by the commanders of the contending forces. Strictly speaking, Germany had no right whatever to approach President Wilson in regard to the matter; but she having done so, as I stated at the great Albert Hall meeting, his reply should have been, "I have forwarded your letter to Marshal Foch, to whom all future communications should be addressed." That, and nothing more. Instead of adopting this course, however, the President—with, I am sure, the very best of intentions—started a new series of Notes—and in five minutes we had the gentlemen of Westminster once more on the scene.

A Sham Armistice.

What is the result? We have a sham Armistice—incorporating all kinds of terms for which it is obvious Marshal Foch was in no way responsible, and whose proper place would be in the Peace Treaty, when it comes to be settled. At the same time, the conditions proper of the Armistice have been whittled down in the most extraordinary manner. Let me give a few illustrations. What, for instance, has Marshal Foch to do with such a matter as this: "Reparation for damage done"? Or this: "Abandonment of the treaties of Bucharest and Brest Litovski, and of the supplementary treaties"? These are essentially matters for determination at the Peace Conference—but I will show in a moment why, in my opinion, they have been introduced into the Armistice. In the same way, do you for a moment think that Foch is responsible for allowing Germany to retain an enormous quantity of arms and munitions—including hundreds of aeroplanes and millions of bombs—or for splitting her Navy into two parts, one portion evidently having been earmarked for her permanent retention after the war? And now I will tell you why these things have been introduced. *The Government is preparing us for a weak Peace Treaty, in which, for example, neither Indemnity nor surrender of the Kaiser will be found.* What is in the way of his immediate surrender to the Allies? We are told that we have no power to demand his delivery at the hands of Holland. That, however, is not the case, for he has upon several occasions been found guilty by coroners' juries of wilful murder, and upon that finding it is open for the Coroner to issue a warrant for his arrest—whereupon the Extradition Treaty with Holland would come into force, and she would be bound to hand him over. I commend that suggestion to the Legal Advisers of the Government. There is no answer whatever to it. But, to return to the terms of the Armistice, can you doubt that had Foch been left with a free hand, Unconditional Surrender—as in the cases of Bulgaria, Turkey and Austria—would have been his only answer to a request to suspend hostilities? But there is something in the background more sinister than anything I have so far mentioned.

A Sinister Scheme.

I am going to make myself responsible for the statement that we are being fooled to the top of our bent. I declare that the "abdication" of the Kaiser and the German "revolution" are "all my eye." By what formal document has William II. renounced his right to the throne? Why wasn't it one of the terms of the Armistice that he should be handed over to the Allies and at least be held as a hostage for their due fulfilment? And what change has there been in the real administration of German government? But all such considerations fade into insignificance compared with the startling fact which I now announce. Had fighting gone on for a few days longer, *the whole German Army would have surrendered unconditionally to the Allies.* Foch had two million of the enemy absolutely at his mercy, and was about to bring to a head the crowning triumph of that deep strategy upon which he had been engaged since July 17th. I say it is a damnable shame that he was thwarted in the achievement of that great victory—which would have rendered the enemy powerless for mischief for all time, and have made the dictation of the Terms of Peace so easy a matter that the Treaty could by this time have been signed. But that, of course, would have meant the "crushing of the German people." And here let me recall the words of the present Prime Minister, of a few months ago. "We have never aimed at the break-up of the German people or the disintegration of their State or Country. Germany has occupied a great position in the world, and *it is not our wish or intention to question or destroy that position for the future,* but rather to turn her aside from schemes of military domination and to see her devote all her strength to the great beneficent work of the world." *This* is the sort of stuff which must have been dinned into the ears of Foch at Versailles. And it is the sort of stuff which is evidently going to be talked at the Peace Conference. Damn the "German people," say I! They have proved themselves to be a race of wild beasts—utterly unfit to be admitted into the Comity of Nations. I don't remember having heard of one single protest having been uttered by any section of the German population against any of the atrocities and outrages of the war. On the contrary, the brutes shouted themselves hoarse with joy at the sinking of the *Lusitania;* they even struck a special medal to commemorate that "gallant" deed! And now, apparently, we are to take them to our breasts as brothers—feeding and caring for them whilst thousands of our own poor are cold and hungry.

Mr. Hughes' Grave Threat.

I solemnly warn the Government that they are travelling a dangerous road. From a political point of view it may be a cute thing to introduce the excitement and turmoil of a General Election whilst the Peace Treaty is being negotiated. I use that word advisedly, for it is perfectly obvious now that there are two distinct policies working in opposition to each other. And all the signs point to the success of the pro-German school. Let us be careful, however, lest in our desire to placate the enemy we lose some of our best friends. Have you read that grave charge by Mr. Hughes, of deliberate breach of faith on the part of the Government towards the Dominions? In January, 1915, the Secretary of State for the Colonies wrote to the Commonwealth: "It is the intention of the Government to consult the Prime Minister of Australia most fully, and if possible personally, when the time arrives for the discussion of *possible terms of Peace*"; whilst in April of the same year the Minister added, when quoting this undertaking: "I need hardly say that His Majesty's Government intend to observe the spirit as well as the letter of this declaration." And yet, although Mr. Hughes was here, present on the spot, he was *not* consulted in any way before the Government wired to President Wilson accepting, with two small modifications, his 14 Points of Peace—nor before introducing into the conditions of Armistice the political provisions to which I have already referred. Unhappily for the Government, but luckily for our country, however, Mr. Hughes is not easily bluffed, and he declares, as I do, that the terms of Peace have for all practical purposes been settled, and he realises that those terms make no provision for indemnities as distinguished from "reparation for damage"—which is an entirely different thing. He also protests against the hands of the Commonwealth being tied by President Wilson's fiscal stipulations, and tells us that "Australia will insist

A SHAM ARMISTICE.

ch—Mr. Hughes' Grave Threat—Germany Must Pay.

By THE EDITOR.

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to the last ditch upon its right to make such tariff distinctions between one nation and another as it thinks proper. . . . The people of Australia will never surrender that right." Rather an ugly situation this—think you not—to have arisen between the Mother Country and her Australian Commonwealth at this early stage? And don't be surprised if other portions of our Dominions follow suit. To ignore Australia, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand and India, and to swallow, whole, Peace pills made in America for the benefit of "democracy" made in Germany, is a policy fraught with the gravest peril to our Empire; and I appeal most earnestly to the Prime Minister, whilst there may yet be time, to rectify this terrible blunder and flagrant breach of faith, by inviting Colonial representatives to the Peace Conference.

Germany Laughing at Us.

How Germany must be laughing at us! The guns and munitions she is asked to hand over she will be able to replace in a few years' time, and although her naval power will undoubtedly be crippled by the surrender of a substantial portion of her fleet, we have learnt through this war that sea power is not the weapon upon which she relies for securing European domination. Even the sacred soil of Heligoland is apparently to remain intact, except for our right to occupy it temporarily in the event of there being any trouble with the crews of the German men-of-war. And the ghastly folly of Lord Salisbury in ceding that wonderful island to the Kaiser in 1890—in exchange for a protectorate over Zanzibar!—is to be perpetuated. And Germany's financial punishment is to be limited to the reparation of damage done to the towns and cities of Belgium and Northern France. I suppose that in due course we shall give German contractors the preference in carrying out this work! And the whole of Germany's mercantile marine, with the exception of that portion now in Belgian ports, is to be held, so to speak, *in escrow*—the Armistice simply stipulating, in perhaps the most amazing of all its clauses, "that all merchant ships in German hands *belonging to the Allied and Associated Powers* are to be restored in ports to be specified by the Allies and United States of America, *without reciprocity*." Think of those words—"without reciprocity"—that is to say, without returning to Germany ship for ship! Was ever such rubbish put into the mouth of a victorious General, with the enemy at his mercy? How she *must* be laughing at us! Listen to this from Hindenburg: "We leave the fight, in which for more than four years we have resisted a world of enemies, proudly and with head erect." And this: "We have held the enemy away from the German frontier *in order to save the Fatherland from the horrors of war*." So much for Germany itself.

Germany Must Pay!

But the main thing to insist upon is that Germany must not only restore the damage done—she must foot the whole bill of the war. I have already put *our* claim at ten thousand million pounds—and it is for the Allies and the United States to make up their own accounts. It will be nothing less than a sin if the men who have fought and suffered for us—in many cases losing lucrative positions and businesses—come home to find themselves taxed to the teeth for the cost of the war which they have won, whilst Germany is allowed a quiet period of recuperation. After all, Britain has financed the war, and I do not think it unreasonable that her claim should come first. I know that by the recession to France of Alsace-Lorraine the enemy will lose some of her richest sources of mineral wealth; but there are still the coal mines of Westphalia, the potash mines, and all her internal State property and revenue as security for the Indemnity. No doubt she will whine and tell us of the enormous war debt which she herself has incurred, and of the heavy charge upon her income in the shape of interest on her own War Stock, "held largely by the poor and thrifty" section of her people. So far as I am concerned, they must wait for their interest—and their principal as well—until we have been reimbursed every penny we have spent. But, for the moment, both the Armistice terms and Mr. Wilson's Points are absolutely silent on this vital subject—and there is no reference to it of any kind in the Government's timid qualifications of their acceptance of the President's proposed Treaty. Oh, yes, "Germany must pay"!

The Electoral Campaign.

To my mind, it is most important that all the above considerations should be well borne in mind during the forthcoming election. I have carefully read through the Prime Minister's speech, but have looked in vain for any plain, straightforward statement of Peace Terms upon which the country can be asked to vote. "There is no time to lose," says Mr. Lloyd George; "we must get a mandate immediately. Somebody will have to go to the Peace Conference with authority from the people of this country to speak in their name. There are problems which affect the world; there are problems which also affect the people of this Empire—and whoever goes, must go with the authority of the people behind him." A "mandate" for what—an "authority" for what, I ask? Not one word of information or guidance is vouchsafed to the electorate; and, despite his statement that "they who speak about a blank cheque are speaking blank nonsense," I affirm that the voters are being invited to give an absolutely free hand to the Coalition Government to settle the war on any terms it chooses. In fact, we are to have a spoof election. When either in Parliament or in the Press it is proposed to ask Ministers their views as to the terms of the Peace Treaty, the answer is that any discussion of the subject is premature and is calculated to embarrass the Allies. What *are* we to vote about, except the question whether or not Mr. Lloyd George and his present colleagues shall continue in office? I demand that, without a day's further delay, they should issue a manifesto, signed by the representatives of the three sections in the Government—Unionist, Liberal and Labour—asking for a mandate to conclude peace upon terms stated in plain and simple language, which everyone can understand. Then there could be no possible misapprehension as to the meaning of the election. At present, it is all mystery and bluff—and I have not such a low estimate of the intelligence of my fellow-countrymen as to believe for one moment that they will fall into the trap. I am all for a real election at this stage, and I am certain that in the absence of a straightforward and honest declaration of Peace Policy, the new Parliament will not last a year. Let us, therefore, "stop this fooling," and know exactly where we are, and what we are asked to vote about.

What Are We Voting For?

Whilst we are about it, let there be no kind of misunderstanding as to the position of the soldier or sailor. He must be afforded not only every facility to record his vote, but equally to attend, and in any reasonable way take part in, meetings addressed by the various candidates. I observe, with satisfaction, that by degrees the War Office is weakening in its attitude in this matter, but we must have a definite Order cancelling all existing restrictions upon the fighting man's political freedom. As it is, in any event an enormous percentage of the men at the front will be unable to exercise their franchise, and we must see that in any case they at home shall not be placed in a similar position. Indeed, I am not at all sure that, in view of the changed conditions in the field, we ought not to postpone the election for at least a month, to enable Jack and Tommy to receive and fill up their voting papers. It is, at present, cynically estimated by the authorities that "about 40 per cent." of the soldiers will vote—I'll wager that the number will be less. And that will be giving the Government a "mandate"! Even the papers which have handed their souls to the keeping of the Prime Minister are now saying that "an election without the soldiers' vote will be a solemn farce." It will be worse; it will be a tragedy. And what about the women voters? What guidance is the Government giving these new electors? They have had nothing to do with political cries in the past, and it is neither fair nor decent that they should be called upon to exercise the parliamentary franchise, for the first time in their lives, absolutely in the dark. No, my dear wily Little Man from Wales—in your own words, "this will not do."

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

Wot, *you* again? 'Ow many more times 'ave I gotter tell yer thet there ain't nuthink doin' 'ere so fur 'es yoo're concerned? 'Eh? Peace? *Old animosities put aside?* Git away! Wot's the idea? There's one animosity wot never *can* be shoved a-oneside. And that is animosity against them wot's done more to 'inder us in winnin' this wore then 'elpin' us. 'Ow kin we ferget *thet* when we think of our relations an' friends wot's died out there for us wot's bin safe an' sound at 'ome? Wot am I drivin' at? Well, thet jest brings me to it. I refuse to shave yer, trim yer, or singe yer, simply becos I reckon you've bin a traitor through this wore. Now, I awsks yer—can you look a soljer in the face? *Certn'y?* Then you must 'ave a carst-iron conscience—thet's orl. You carn't 'ave no sense nor feelin'. You know wot you've sed. You know wot you 'aven't done. You've showed yerself to be more in sympathy with the dirty 'Un then with yore own glorious countrymen, and you oughter be—well, pole-axed. I'll put it as mild as thet. A pal o' mine lives in Leicester. 'E wroto me a letter the other day. 'E 'appened to mention you. 'E sed 'e'd bin a Leicester ratepayer fur forty-five years, but thet you'd corst the ratepayers more then any other M.P. they'd ever 'ad. An' fur w'y? I'll tell yer. Fur *pleece protection*! There's a pritty Member o' Parlymint fur an important city like Leicester! Instead of doin' the town a bit o' good, you've brought shame on it and corst the ratepayers special charges to keep yore bloomin' carcase safe. Every meetin' you've 'eld there 'as corst the Leicesterites good money. And orl the time there's bin a wore on! Not a wore fur territory—not a filibusterin' expedition fur the sake o' gain, but a wore of defence against the most devilish military power thet's ever raised it's 'ead in Europe! And orl the time you've bin pleadin' fur the dirty enemy. And *now* wot are you at? Oh, I read yore bloomin' resolution at the Albert 'All! England don't seem to count with you. Before the blood of our 'eroes is cold you wanter throw yore arms round our enemies' necks at a World Labour Congress. And then you expect me to shave yer! Thank Gawd, I've gotter little more self-respect. As a matter of fack, *yore* kew was to keep quiet. You know yore number's up at Leicester. You know well enough thet you'll never set again fur thet city, nor fur any other unless we're barmy enough to go mad with Bolshevism. So I s'pose this spoutin' o' yores at the Albert 'All was yore larst perlitical kick? . . . Any'ow, I don't suppose you're any longer in doubt w'y I refuses to do anythink for you. I 'ave swore to boycott the 'Uns, and I've likewise swore to boycott them wot's seemed to study the 'Uns more then their own countrymen jurin' this wore. So I'll perlitely awsk you to step outside. I don't want cher. P'raps I'm a bit more pertickler then wot the 'Ouse o' Commons is. But I'll swear I'm speakin' the feelin' o' the country. . . . Wot's the use of us winnin' the wore if we're a-goin' to tolerate blighters like 'im at 'ome? Any'ow the election should make a clean sweep of thet kind of scum, though most of our Tommies *won't* be able to vote—if they could, there wouldn't be any doubt about it. I must go out and get a little fresh air. It's gorne twelve. Missis, mind the shop!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—
"When the austere and usually reliable Reuter issued the news that the armistice had been signed there was just time to SHAKE HANDS WITH HALF-A-DOZEN PEOPLE OVER THE TELEPHONE before contradiction came."

LEAFLET ISSUED BY DR. MACDOUGALL, MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH FOR BROADSTAIRS AND ST. PETER'S:—
"During epidemics of Influenza it is important to spend as much time as possible in the open air. . . . IT IS ADVISABLE FOR THE PUBLIC TO STAY INDOORS."

"THE TIMES" (advertisement):—
"Maid, very good needlewoman, and FOND OF ANIMALS, VALET GENTLEMAN."

"EVENING STANDARD":—
"From March 21 to October 24 the percentage of casualties to the strength of the infantry was as follows:—Divisions of the United Kingdom: Officers 118 PER CENT. Other ranks 121 PER CENT."

"LLANDUDNO CIRCULAR" (advertisement):—
"A delivery of Men's Japanese FLEACED Underwear."

"THE NEW MAGAZINE":—
"He'll have me in the Fleet Prison, AS SURE AS EVER A DICE HAS FOUR SIDES!"

"SOUTH OF ENGLAND ADVERTISER":—
"Holding that bombardment from the sky IS A THING OF THE PAST, the Fareham Guardians have decided to RENEW the aircraft insurance on the workhouse building."

"THE CORNISH TIMES":—
"Mr. Mitchell, however, struck him under the SKIN, and he fell into the hedge."

PELMANISM AND THE SILVER BADGE.

By GEORGE HENRY.

If it were within my power I would so order it that every Silver Badge issued to a discharged soldier would be accompanied by a free enrolment for a course of Pelmanism.

For Pelmanism is of the greatest import to the discharged soldier, and I am putting my views in regard to it upon record because I believe that the lessons to be learned from my own case may be of some service to many thousands of my comrades in the great Brotherhood of the Silver Badge.

It is just a year since the day when I cast aside khaki, consigned my tin of "Soldier's Friend" to oblivion and feverishly arrayed myself in the most flamboyant clothes that my tailor and hosier could provide. . . .

In my pre-war days I had gained a comfortable income in the practice of my profession. My mind had enjoyed ample exercise and was always (if I may be forgiven the simile) at "concert pitch." And so I thought that, with a world teeming with new topics, ideas, and ideals, I could not fail to produce of my best, and rebuild my shattered fortunes.

I took a holiday, and, returning, came to my desk filled with a resolve to work as never I had worked before.

It was just there that I came down to earth, and the bubbles of my childlike faith bespattered themselves on the stones of reality.

One morning of fruitless, futile scribbling showed me that nearly three years' service as a soldier had had its inevitable effect on my mental processes.

That nimble wit I had been so proud to possess positively would not be stimulated; that ability to analyse a subject and classify its components that had made my previous work clear and forceful had fled; that ease in the choice of the right word that had made work a recreation had taken a fancy for aviation and winged away.

And it was not just a matter of mood, for this inability to work persisted. In a week or two there came the realisation that it was a chronic state. The reason was not far to seek. For nearly three years my every day's activities had been planned ahead for me. Almost my every action had been governed by the decisions of my superior officers. Day and night, week in, week out, I had, and rightly so, surrendered myself to the mechanical will of the military machine. My thinking had been done for me. I had no reason to think for myself. Indeed, I soon learned that "thinking for oneself" was a short path to the pleasures of "pack drill'."

All of which resulted in a brain lying fallow. Its functions had not been properly exercised—it was a great obese brain, over-fed with facts and impressions, suffering from a species of mental indigestion, torpid and unresponsive to my will.

I had, indeed, come to a pretty pass! It was necessary for me to earn at least double as much as in pre-war days merely to provide the bread and butter of respectability. How was I to make provision for this with my mind rusted, faculties blunted, and thinking-power to a great extent atrophied by disuse?

Obsessed by this sort of query, little wonder that that sneaking little traitor, the Imp of Introspection, came upon the scene. I gave way to depression and doubt, and feared for my future. I began to think that I was going to be one of life's "washouts," and in the light of later learning, I really think I did for a time belong to that peculiar species of humanity—until Pelmanism came to me!

Until Pelmanism came to me—by the prosaic path of a daily paper announcement, and the subsequent clipping of a coupon. Many thousands of Silver Badge men have hesitated over that same coupon. I wish I could make them realise to the full the import of it. For Pelmanism gave me what it has given many a thousand men and women. It gave me courage first of all. The first "little Grey Book" refreshed and stung my mind into activity, just as a plunge into a cold bath reinvigorates a tired body.

And as "Grey Book" followed "Grey Book," and the fascinating exercises of Pelmanism unfolded their interest and charm, my mind began to bestir itself and throw off the shackles of its hibernation.

Pelmanism changed my whole outlook on life, gave me new interests, and made me THINK.

My mind began to function more speedily and easily. I found that I could collect my thoughts, concentrate on a subject, analyse and classify possibilities; and finally express myself without the hair-tearing and other temperamental performances which are popularly supposed to be the accompaniment of creative work.

So much for my personal experiences of Pelmanism. I have dealt with my own case at length because it is typical of thousands of others. I have lately had an opportunity of investigating the work of Pelmanism, and found that the register of the Pelman Institute teems with cases of students who, at their introduction to the Course, had suffered from the same mental "dry-rot" that was once my portion. I found, too, that among my brothers of the Silver Badge there is a great army of Pelmanists equipping itself for the stern struggle for a living that follows the laying down of the weapons of war.

"Mind and Memory," in which Pelmanism is fully explained and illustrated, together with a reprint of "Truth's" Report on the Pelman Institute and its work, will be sent, gratis and post free, to any reader of JOHN BULL *who addresses a postcard to the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. All correspondence is confidential.*

Overseas addresses:—South Africa: Club Arcade, Durban. Australia: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne. Canada: 15, Toronto Street, Toronto.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

To Tommy and Jack:—Cheerio, boys! Thanks to your grit and your courage, the Huns as a fighting nation have disappeared from the face of the earth—and the sea. You have kicked them over the border, and have, in Kipling's phrase, "torn the tripes out of them." We are pleased that in our non-combatant way we have been associated with you in this triumph.

Demobilisation:—The King and Queen intended last week to visit Rotten Ripon and Tearful Catterick camps. At the last moment the engagements were cancelled. We congratulate their Majesties; they would have returned feeling very sad. The first thing we must do towards demobilisation is to evacuate all the Command Depots where sick and wounded are sent to be made fit to go out again. They are a blot on the earth, and centres of much misery and extreme discontent.

Peace!:—We appeal to the Commandants of all camps not to continue intensive training, and we should like to know that the old boys of fifty will no more be put to "physical jerks" with lads of twenty. We are afraid that, failing definite orders to the contrary, the Instructors will persist in it, but we will keep an eye on the matter. There is no need at the present moment for this cruelty to our old 'uns—who, by the way, should be sent back to civil life at once.

The Death Trap:—We are glad to know that, owing to our representations, Blandford Camp has been practically closed. It was a death-trap. God knows how many poor chaps have been sent to the grave owing to official neglect or want of sense.

"Dora" is Done:—As we expected, we are being overwhelmed with letters from soldiers who were vaccinated and inoculated, and many of whom declare they have been ruined for life. Vaccination and inoculation are not compulsory in the British Army, but Commanding Officers found a way to put the screw on by refusing leave to those who did not undergo the operation. We say nothing for or against the needle, but we deprecate the pernicious practice of Officers Commanding and others who, in defiance of Military Law, coerce and crush the men.

The Mons Boys:—In common justice, the first men to be sent back to civil life should be the 1914 "Contemptibles"—and, in the name of goodness, hurry up with the Mons Star and let the fellows be happy. They were the thin red line which really saved the world, and are entitled to every honour that we can give them.

Rendlesham Camp:—We recently commented upon a Y.M.C.A. hut at this camp, and we are glad to know that the day after our criticism appeared the hut was thrown open to the men for whom it was intended. By the way, we had previously received from somebody in the orderly room a letter which was full of tarradiddles. If any answer to a complaint against officers is sent to us, we do not wish it to be sent by an orderly-room clerk—who may naturally wish to curry favour with his superiors, and be quite unacquainted with the facts.

A Bomb for the Bombardier:—It has suddenly been sprung upon a large number of N.C.O.s in the Isle of Grain that their pay is to be reduced. The Order came like a bombshell, and is made more unpalatable by the fact that the reduction has been dated back to September 1st. Has somebody blundered?

"JACK."

For the Trawler Men:—Those splendid fellows the trawler men have done immensely fine work for us, both in minesweeping and in other ways. They have been the male Cinderellas of the Service, and have been done out of their leave, permits to sleep ashore, etc., and in other ways have been scurvily treated. We should like to know, now that the fighting signal has been hauled down, that they are to be granted generous leave and full allowances. The nation will never know the complete tale of the splendid service rendered by them.

One More Step:—The artisans of the Royal Navy are pleased with the result following the investigation of their affairs by Admiral Hyde Parker's Committee. But an important class of men was overlooked, and we appeal to have them rated as artisans so that they may share the benefits. We refer to the turners, fitters and instrument makers. It is a pity that they should be left out in the cold.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Too Old!:—A man now wearing the badge joined the Army as an old N.C.O. when the late Lord Kitchener called for that class. Discharged a few weeks back, he returned to Carshalton, and was referred to the Labour Exchange for employment. He was sent to take up a clerk's position, but the employer turned him down with the remark that he was "too old," although he admitted that the man's attainments fitted him for the post. The poor chap remarks that he was not too old to fight, and that he is not now too old to enter the workhouse.

Rather Strange:—One of our men was invalided from France, suffering from rheumatism. He received his badge and pension, but when he applied for the King's Certificate he was officially informed by Woolwich Dockyard that he could not get it because he was "not discharged on account of disability due to wounds, or sickness caused or aggravated by military service." In the name of goodness, what *did* cause his disability? We have many complaints on the same lines, and are driven to the conclusion that there is general gross carelessness in awarding the certificates.

The Family Party:—The Stalybridge War Pensions Committee advertised for a man to take the position of Enquiry Officer. It went to a man who is in a good appointment and was a member of the Committee and of the Tribunal, several Badgers being turned away. Some time afterwards the successful man became sick, and one of the unsuccessful Badgers took up his job temporarily. When the appointee recovered and resumed his work, the Badger was given a fine testimonial as to his fitness—but a short time afterwards, when an Assistant Secretary was wanted by the Committee the post went to the Assistant Executive Officer of the Food Control, all Badgers being turned away again!

A Way They Have:—A Manchester Badger complains that he went to the War Pensions Committee, in Dickson Street, to obtain a little to eke out his pension of 8s. 3d. a week. He was kept waiting 1½ hours, and then sent empty away. And yet we are asked to believe that these Committees exist to help our deserving and distressed ex-soldiers.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we have assisted during the week were the following:—

A Sad Situation:—A soldier was urgently called home from France to see his wife and son who were seriously ill. Shortly after his arrival the boy expired; his wife is still in a critical condition. After the funeral expenses had been settled there was no surplus for doctor's bill or extra nourishment for the invalid, the soldier not being in credit with his regiment—as, unfortunately, happens in so many distressing cases brought to our notice week after week.

Poor Old Fellow!—An old soldier himself, and having given five sons to the Army, a poor old chap is embittered by his present condition and prospects. He is in receipt only of the Old Age Pension—the help which he formerly obtained from his sons having been withdrawn, owing to their marriage. When writing us he was in need of a decent meal.

The Plague Still Rages:—The wife of a soldier and one of her children have had a very bad attack of the 'flu, and during their illness the rent had to be neglected to pay for nourishment. The doctor's bill also was outstanding when she wrote us.

A Similar Case:—A sailor's wife and four of her children were also affected. Her great anxiety is for the kiddies, whose recovery depends very largely upon food and medicine, for which, of course, she could not pay out of her separation allowance.

Verge of Starvation:—A discharged soldier and his wife are existing on a pension of 13s. 9d. a week, the man not being in a fit state to work. They owed rent, and were threatened with the street.

Plight of a Discharged Man—The father a complete invalid, and the mother therefore unable to work; there are two children to be fed and clothed. The woman had pledged everything pawnable before asking our help. We are sure we voice the sentiments of our subscribers when we say that cases in which children are concerned appeal specially to us.

A Few More from the List:—

Man, home on special leave to see sick wife and child, found the youngster had died uninsured.

Widower, discharged soldier, practically starving himself to defray the cost of serious illness of his daughter.

Soldier's two children down with bronchitis. Baker's, doctor's and coal bills were unpaid.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

J. L. W., £2 2s.; T. S., 5s.; Mrs. S. H., 2s.; "A Servant Girl," 6d.; "An Air Mechanic's Girl," 3s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "Riponian," £1; E. J. K. (Shrewsbury), 2s.; Mrs. W. S., 2s. 6d.; L. S. (Kensington), 2s. 6d.; "Tithe," 6s.; D. P. (Haslemere), 6d.; "Simply Anywhere," £2; M. O. (Wells), 1s.; Mrs. M. R. W., 2s. 6d.; E. C. S., 4½d.; F. S. (Luton), 4s. 2d.; A. S., 2s.; "A Cripple," 1s.; O. H. (Blackheath), parcel; Engineers, s.s. *Luchow*, Hong Kong, £4; "Peace" (Ferry-hill), 5s.; "Regular Reader" (Kentish Town), 5s.; H. T., 2s. 6d.; G. P. (Somerset), 2s.; A. R. F., 3s.; W. N. S., 2s. 6d.; "Guardsman," 2s. 6d.; R. M. W., 3s.; "Shenstone," 10s.; "A Scot," 11s.; W. A. W., 5s.; "An Old Salt," 2s. 6d.; "In Mem., S.M.S.," 2s.; M. A. R. (Oxford), 2s. 6d.; H. S. C. (Southminster), 10s.; S. J. (Old Colwyn), 5s.; V. E. C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), £1 0s.; "Retribution," 10s.; Mrs. J. G. M., 6d.; G. W. H. (Wednesbury), 1s.; F. W. B. and Co., £2 2s.; W. O., 5s. 6d.; B. E. R., 3s. 6d.; H.M.T. *Indian Empire* (per A. A. A.), £1 5s.; "Scrooge's Thanksgiving Offering" (Sherburn), 10s.; "The Gunner No. 10," 1s.; A. I. (Chesterfield), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 10s.; J. W. P., 1s.; J. G. (Mansfield), 4s.; A. H. (Musselburgh), 2s. 6d.; J. O. (Cheshire) 3s.; "Turkey No. 2," 2s. 6d.; E. C. (Greenock), 2s. 6d.; Residents and Employees at Rwana M'Kubwa, N.W. Rhodesia, £25; D. Q. (Knowle), 1s.; 16th K.R.R.C. Band, B.E.F., 40 frs.; R. A. J., 1s.; H. E. W., 2s. 6d.; J. P., 3d.; No. 15 Mess, H.M.S. *Cordelia* Swear Box (per H. H.), 6s.; "Three Little Mothers," 1s.; Weekly Collection, C.I.S., Woolwich Arsenal, £1; C. E. P. (Chadwell Heath), 5s.; J. S. S. (Norway), 5s.; "A Soldier's Mother" (Fratton), 1s. 3d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "A Tommy's Wife" (E. Dulwich), 10s.; P. D., 6d.; F. W. N. (Durham), 1s.; Mrs. G., 6d.; "A Scottish Woman," 10s.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"A DISABLED OFFICER" (Exeter).—"I would give 5 years of my life to be present at the trial of the Kaiser, if only you were prosecuting counsel, for no other living man could fill that position so well." We would fill it willingly, and would require no such fee from you.

"A TOMMY'S WIFE."—We think there would be more sense in an "Ugly" competition for £1,000. It is the unbeautiful who deserve some compensation, and we might stand a chance.

"NATAL" (South Africa).—"Please do not go into Parliament." Afraid we must use our own judgment about that—but, since you seem so anxious, we promise you not to sit in a draught.

A. E. D. (Hull).—"I have allowed my dinner to get cold in order to read *your* 14 points." Sorry. You should have lodged us up against the cruet and got on with your grub.

"SILVER BADGER" (Ruxtable).—Among the brightest aspects of the present situation is the imminent prospect of the release of British prisoners in Germany. So, cheerio!

F. J. A. (Rugeley).—". . If you feel in a plight to his journal you write, to get reparation in full; So please say with me, 'Good Luck to H. B. And continued success to JOHN BULL.'." What a gift of poesy!

W. C. B. (Malta).—A bottle of Scotch whisky, labelled "The Pokker, Edinburgh," is calculated to make a Maltese cross.

"A SCOT" (near Perth).—"Hey! JOHN BULL, ye are waukin richt and ye're hittin' frae the shoulther, wi' a' yer micht." Praise from Scotland! Man, if we were less deserving of it we should feel suspeccious.

J. McN. (Burntisland).—"Did the Defence of the Realm Act exist before the war?" No, and it won't exist long after.

MRS. P. (Glasgow).—"Ten grains of black mustard in a half of whisky every morning would keep our dear soldiers from influenza." They would hate to waste the mustard.

W. G., SR. (Hampton-on-T.).—"Do not allow the Food Organisation to be broken up, or we shall be bound hand and foot to the middleman." The middleman has for a long time had us neck and crop.

O. J. (East Ham).—Although what we said of your poetry made you "the laughing stock of East Ham," you have the nerve to send more. One lovely line says the Kaiser went to war "With sword unbent." We don't know what you mean. Do you?

M. E. P. C.—"Among the men to be tried and condemned is the one who invented the colour-scheme in the new ration books." He thought he was designing wallpaper.

W. T. G. (Bradford).—The Germhun Major-Gen. von Disfurth, who hoped the Hun Army would "merit the title of barbarians," has realised his hope.

"CECILIA" (Edinburgh) wants to know "if any naturalised Germhuns have died of this supposed 'flu." Apparently she suggests that 'flu was made in Germhuny for export.

H. DE G. (Rifle Brigade).—It will be one of our duties to press on the Government the necessity of giving discharged soldiers desirous of learning a trade opportunities of doing so.

E. O. W. R. (Manchester).—If you send us any more verses of the same sort, we shall begin to think there *is* something in the phrase, "The horrors of peace."

"TRADE UNIONIST" (London).—As you say, the "beuded knee system" is out-of-date. Let's hope you can still manage to crook your elbow.

MRS. A. C. (Bayswater).—Very few sweets for a half-penny, certainly, but what did your little girl say when you pinched them to show us?

K. W. (Worcester Park).—Certainly a discharged W.A.A.C. with any length of service should be furnished with a civilian outfit—complete, if need be, to the last stay-lace.

C. T. F. (Ealing).—"You have a black book, have you not?" Who's (Who) denigning of it?

A. J. P.—"Just a few lines to let you know I am not so well to-day." Thought not, by the look of your letter.

"ANNIE S." (Great Yarmouth).—"Let me know what you think of these few lines of poetry, written and put into verse by myself." We like only the last line; it says, "The End."

H. R. (B'ham).—"I sent for an egg on Saturday at 4½d. It was a bad one." We have seldom read a short story, complete in itself, more true to life.

"IT" (York).—Thanks for pawnticket to hand. What shall we do with it? We've no use for a skirt at the moment.

J. D. (Glasgow).—A good scheme, certainly, to have the Hun bullies tried by British soldiers who have suffered torment at their hands. How about Captain Craig as Chairman?

"PRO PATRIA" (Totton).—The advertisement you send us: "Lady Companion Help wanted, for the Midlands. Must speak German." is, of course, absurd, for no lady *would* speak German.

"ENGLISH WIFE OF GERMHUN."—You need not go with your husband to Germhuny, and we don't suppose an English court will allow the children to be taken against their wish, and yours—especially if you act on your grounds for divorce.

"SIGNALLER" (Aldbrough Camp).—Haven't the faintest notion what has become of "Pimple," the Cinema star. A "Pimple," on the face of it, if he *did* join up, could scarcely be expected to come through without a scratch.

MRS. A. V. H. (Tunbridge Wells).—If you, her mother, cannot manage your 19 year old daughter, we are afraid she would be too big a handful for us. It is as much as we can do to keep our office boy in order.

J. D. H. (Camberwell).—We note that your letter is "not for publication in its entirety." Let's hope this brief reference hasn't overdone it.

M. W. (Wotton-under-Edge).—"I have been staying at Harrogate." Never mind that as long as you behave yourself now you're at home.

E. S. (Hull).—"I could write a lot more if you have time to read it." Sorry, another line would rupture our diaphram.

"WIRELESS" (Woolwich).—Can't say what it would cost you to "buy a buzzer," but if it's any use, we can quote you for a pound of sausages or a bushel of dead flies.

E. W. S. (Wood Green).—Thanks for showing us your little boy's answers to the "general knowledge" questions. Did he get a prize, or was he decorated in the rear?

"AGITATED" (Birmingham).—"You can never entice her to sit in your lap unless you woo her unceasingly." Before noticing you were talking of Dame Fortune, we were all of a slither to know the lady's name.

W. E. A. (Dringhouse).—Wonder if the directors of the Wesleyan and General Assurance Society can really afford the new allowances to their agents—working out on an £8 book to 4½d. a week increase?

H. H. C. (Durham).—"What may a deserter get if he turns up after the war is over?" Get it in the neck.

"THE LAND GIRL" (Warwick).—The Land Girls refused to work beside Huns, and the farmer, who declined to shift those gentry, was made to do so while the girls took a half-holiday. Bless you for good girls!

"A WOLVERHAMPTON WOMAN."—"At the beginning of this year I sent you a letter you will perhaps recall to memory." We have received one or two other letters since them, so yours escapes our memory at the moment.

W. R. (Catford).—Somehow your letter seems to have disagreed with our breakfast. Sure your nib wasn't crossed?

"SERGEANT" (Cork).—We note that you propose to kill us if we excite your further displeasure. Very considerate of you to apprise us of your intention.

"DISCHARGED WOUNDED" (Hampton) suggests Marshal Foch should be presented with a gift worth untold gold. He is certainly worth more than his weight in that precious metal.

T. J. (Fishguard).—The rich Fishguard man who gave one entire halfpenny for the Red Cross is annoyed because nobody gave him a written receipt. Next!

MRS. Y. (W. Ham).—"He called me a Germhun, and I lost my temper and went upstairs and punched him." Your manner is persuasive, madam.

A. H. (Findon).—"Am a rural postman. Can you tell me where I can get a tunic and trousers for 5s., as that's what the Government allowed me for mine." Try the nearest rag shop.

A. F. (New Stevenston).—"Although we have had a little passage of arms about Scottish rights, I know that you mean well." Good. If we thought you had cruelly misunderstood us, we could never swallow another drop of Scotch without a catch in the throat.

"A TIGER."—"Should Tommy stand to attention to a Major's wife?" If he be a soldier *and* a gentleman he will stand to attention to any lady, even the Major's.

"TWO DAM-SELLS"—Thanks for suggestion as to where our readers should wear their badges, but you appear to forget that many of them follow sedentary occupations.

H. R. (Dunkirk).—Shocked to hear that your soldier son sends his money "to different girls in England." We'd tell him that he'll wrick his neck if the word wasn't "Low German."

J. W. H. (Gravesend).—We note that you do not intend to vote for any member of the present House of Commons. If we were indiscreet enough to spread the news, it would doubtless cause a painful sensation in the Lobby.

C. B.—The Government's pig policy proves that they know as much about pigs as pigs know about policy.

R. D. (Sunderland).—"I asked permission for a game of billiards but was refused. And after five minutes had passed a Cillivian walked in and got the game be for me." What else could you expect of a native of the Cilli Islands?

"STRICT MORALIST" (Holloway).—"Is it right and proper that women (Land Girls) dressed in tight-fitting trousers should dance in a public hall with men?" Your mind wants washing.

Y.M.C.S. (East Stoneham).—The rhythm of your additional verse for the National Anthem reminds us of an inebriated duck.

W. Y. (Athy), discharged with tuberculosis, complains that it is vital to his health to get to South Africa, yet he also has been told to "wait his turn" for a passport.

G. W. S. (Ventnor).—"My letters to you have not been successful so far." On the contrary, they have served a variety of useful purposes which we decline to designate in print.

"SOLDIER SILAS" (U.S.A.).—"Say, pard, who's this Ramsay Macdonald guy with so many Germhun distinctions to his name?" At the moment, M.P. for Leicester, with £400 a year for the job.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

OUR XMAS GIFT—A REQUEST

Readers who are desirous of availing themselves of the "JOHN BULL" Pen Gift Coupon, are particularly requested to send their applications early to avoid the Christmas rush, and thus ease the work of our staff, besides ensuring delivery in good time for Christmas.

Note.—The "JOHN BULL" Pen Gift Coupon (value 1/-) referred to above, appeared in last week's issue.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 *(Nov. 23rd, 1918.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

COMPANY MEETING.

GRAMOPHONE COMPANY.

The ordinary general meeting of the Gramophone Company, Ltd., was held on November 13 at 4, Southampton Row, W.C., Mr. E. Trevor Ll. Williams (the chairman) said that the trading profit this year was £218,749, and, adding £72,505 brought forward, made a total of £291,255. After deducting the usual items set forth in the report, amounting to £127,450, there was left a balance of £163,804 to be dealt with. The directors recommended the payment of a 10 per cent. dividend, less income-tax, on the Ordinary shares, and a bonus of 5 per cent., less income-tax, the setting aside of £50,000 for the equalisation of future dividends, and carrying forward the balance of about £38,000. It had been the aim of the directors that the company should distribute annually a dividend of 10 per cent., less income-tax, and to pay by way of bonus such other sums as circumstances and the company's earnings might justify. The main reason why the directors recommend the setting aside of a sum for the equalisation of future dividends was that at the present juncture it was of the most vital importance that the company should conserve its cash assets, for the time was within sight when they would have to revert from Government work to the ordinary conditions of trading and manufacturing under normal peace conditions. The report and accounts were adopted.

CULLIVER has stepped out of the Story Book right into

GAMAGES

XMAS BAZAAR

and has brought LILLIPUT with him.

Soft Stockinette Dolls.
Jointed, with coloured Costumes. Price 5/- each. Post 6d.

Indestructible
British Babes
George (England), Andrew (Scotland), Patrick (Ireland). Soft stockinette, white dresses, wool hair, 13 in. Price 4/6 Post 6d.

Officer's Regulation Uniform.
(Facsimile of that actually used by our Expeditionary Forces.)
Comprising Tunic, Breeches and Puttees, 21/-
Cap, 2/6 extra.
Tailor-made, in good quality Khaki Cloth.

Private's Uniform.
Khaki Cloth, Brass Buttons; Tunic, Trousers & Puttees
Price 10/6 Posted.
Cap, 2/6 extra.
Belt, 1/- extra.

XMAS CATALOGUE Post Free.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA

FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office: St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4.
INVESTED FUNDS £7,200,000
ANNUAL INCOME £2,250,000
AMOUNT PAID IN WAR CLAIMS NEARLY £600,000
Life and Endowment Assurances at Popular Rates. Our numerous Branch Offices and Agents throughout the Kingdom transact National Health Insurance.

ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary

Player's "COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes.

THE MANUFACTURERS REGRET THAT UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE OUTPUT TO CORRESPOND WITH THE GREATLY INCREASED DEMAND.

Terms and particulars with regard to these Cigarettes at Duty Free Rates when required for gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital may be obtained from

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF G.B. & IRELAND) LIMITED.

Over the Top

Cheeriboy's Warisms No 11.

"What perfect condition our boys must be in," quoth Uncle Cheeriboy, "absolutely fit in body and as high-spirited as a race-horse. What about us at home! Are we always fit to go 'over the top' as regards our daily tasks? Some are and some are not. I always am, thanks to Page Woodcock's Pills, for they have been my best friend since boyhood, and I never know what it is to feel below 'par'—and why should you?"

This is good advice, proven in millions of cases for over 70 years, during which long period **Page Woodcock's Pills** have held pride of place as the surest British specific remedy for all the ills and ailments arising from digestive weakness, stomachic debility, biliousness, constipation, flatulence, dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, blood impurities and acidity. Health is yours immediately you enlist the aid of **Page Woodcock's Pills.**

Page Woodcock's Pills

They make and keep you fit. 70 years' reputation. Sold by all Chemists. Have cured millions.

will cure you.

FREE to the GREY-HAIRED

Full particulars can now be obtained by readers of a wonderful new method of restoring lost natural colour to the hair, moustache, or beard (discovered by a Paris physician now serving with the French Red X). Removes all signs of greyness in a few minutes. Easy and inexpensive. Restores original colour, is long lasting and undetectable. Reduces appearance of age 10 to 20 years. Restores exact shade of hair before it lost its colour. Does not "paint on," but colours each hair from the centre outwards. Washing the hair, perspiration, sun, wind or rain causes no loss of the restored colour. Worth pounds to every man prematurely aged in appearance by white, grey, or going-grey hair.

You must look young if you are to secure the chances that lead to success in business, in public life, and in society. "INECTO" makes you look young.

Write to-day for Illustrated Booklet No. 50, stating if for Lady or Gentleman, and enclosing 2d. in stamps to cover return postage, &c.

Sent in plain sealed envelope from Secretary, INECTO LTD., 15a, North Audley Street, London, W.1.

Dr. R——, a distinguished Paris physician and the discoverer of "INECTO."

SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

Dutton's Shorthand is the simplest high-speed system in the world. There are only 6 rules and 26 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute. Send stamp to-day for first lesson to Dutton's Business College, Room J, Shaftesbury.

TRY FIRST LESSON

NO HENS WANTED

FREEMANS EGG SUBSTITUTE

For all cakes & Pastries

The Church and National Reconstruction.

Your Thankoffering

Have you made it?

What is to be your Thankoffering for Victory? You will, please God, for the sake of England's Immortal Dead, lead a life of service to God and to your fellow-men.

As a pledge of what you mean to do you will join in contributing to the great Church of England Fund of Five Million Pounds, the Fund by which the business men of the Church mean to make the Church of England strong in her work of Reconstruction.

Cheques should be drawn in favour of the Church of England Central Fund, crossed Barclay's Bank, Ltd., and sent to Canon F. Partridge, Sanctuary House, 33, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W. 1.

Gifts may be made, if preferred, in the form of National War Bonds or Stock, and may be spread over a series of years.

Your last Chance to win a Turkey!

200 Turkeys to be Won this Week!

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO WIN A TURKEY!

200 TURKEYS ARE TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

In consequence of the food restrictions we are this year asking successful competitors to purchase their own Turkeys, and to send the bills to us for settlement. We will pay all such bills up to the amount of £1 10s. each, or, if preferred, a cheque for this sum will be sent in advance to pay for the Turkey. **SEND IN YOUR COUPON WITHOUT DELAY.**

FIRST PRIZE £200 | 2ND PRIZE £20 | £10 3RD PRIZE | 1000 TURKEYS

20 PRIZES OF £2 10s. = 200 PRIZES OF 5/- = 200 TURKEYS = 1080 PRIZES OF 2/6 = 3,000 TARGET PRIZES

☞ **Please Note that Next Week's "Bullets" First Prize will be increased to £1,000.**

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—MY HUSBAND THINKS. Bullet:—CHRISTMAS WILL BE MERRY. Example:—WITHOUT LEAVE. Bullet:—TOMMY THINKS UNFAIR. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated December 14th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 311.

AT LAST	WHEN TOMMY VOTES	THE BRITISH NAVY	THE RED FLAG
ON PEACE NIGHT	HEADING THE POLL	THE LAST WORD	MILITARISM
HEAVY DAMAGES	MY HUSBAND THINKS	LABOUR MEMBERS	THE RIGHT CONCLUSION
NEVER AGAIN	A BIG MAJORITY	WHEN PEACE COMES	THE GERMAN MARK
FATHER AND SON	WEARING UNIFORM	SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY	WITHOUT LEAVE
A FALLEN IDOL	AFTER MARRIAGE	CARVING TURKEY	LOOKING FOR WORK
AT THE FINISH	SHATTERING THEIR HOPES	LADIES AND GENTLEMEN	ASKING FOR MERCY
MAIDEN SPEECH	WHEN WOMAN RULES	GOOD TIME COMING	WHAT KAISER DESERVES

Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 28th

No._____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(311) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
Signed _____
Address _____
If 1 coupon is used P.O. or 6d. must be sent.

BUT IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR BULLETS ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 28th

No._____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(311) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
Signed _____
Address _____
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 311. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 28th

No._____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(311) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
Signed _____
Address _____
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 28th

No._____
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(311) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
Signed _____
Address _____
If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Next Week's selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 312.
TOMMY'S WELCOME—HOW TO SPEND CHRISTMAS. WHEN THE GIRLS RETURN—PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT—NOT MY LUCK—FIGHTING FOR SEAT HER PHOTOGRAPH MINDING THE BABY—THE NEXT GOVERNMENT—WE ALL WANT WOMAN IN THE HOUSE—GERMANY BUST—A BAD EGG—SHUT UP NO DOUBT ABOUT IT ON THE SPREE—IN A FOG—GETTING TO WORK—NOT TO BE HAD WHEN DISCHARGED.

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **312** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets," No. 312, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for competition 312.

Result of 308th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. WM. BROWN, "Ismyr," Church Road, Broadstone, Dorset.
Example:—TASTING DEFEAT.
Bullet:—TAKES AWAY WAR APPETITE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Miss M. TUBBY, 13, High Street, North Woolwich, London, E.16.
Example:—GOING STRONG.
Bullet:—LUNGS ON PEACE NIGHT.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. H. H. BENSON, 11, Fir Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.
Example:—IN LONG RUN.
Bullet:—IT'S ALWAYS "OUR RACE."

20 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. D. McGREGOR, 1, New Castle Ter., Galway: SICK AND TIRED—COUNTING NEW AUSTRIAN REPUBLICS.

Mr. W. HOLT, 115d, Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.:
BOTTOMLEY'S MEETING—PLAIN SPEAKING, HANDSOME AUDIENCE.

Mrs. S. AUGARDE, 61, Hugh St., Belgravia: GERMANY'S SURRENDER—"THEN THERE WAS ROME."

Mr. S. COOKE, 100, The Chase, Nottingham: FOCH'S BUSINESS—MAKING TYRANTS INTO SLAVES.

Mrs. L. DENSDALE, Abram Peel War Hospital, Leeds Road, Bradford:
BACK TO FRONT—PAWNBROKER'S ENTRANCE PREFERRED OFTEN.

Mr. J. BLACKBURN, 49, Rowans Lane, Swinton, Rotherham:
THE FATHERLAND—LAND NOBODY SHOULD "CULTIVATE."
(Sent in on a "Free Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. C. LEE WRIGHT, 51, Thornton Hill, Exeter:
GENERALLY SPEAKING—DEMOCRACY ALWAYS "PAYS."

Mr. H. G. WILLIAMS, 689, Washwood Hth. Road, Birmingham:
BOTTOMLEY'S MEETING—"FIRE" WITHOUT SINGLE "DAMPER."

Mr. G. THOMAS, 67, Stockwell Rd., London: THE FATHERLAND—OCTOPUS LOSING ITS TENTACLES.

Mr. C. H. GRIFFIN, 77, Osborn Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham:
NEIGHBOUR'S BABY—ATTRACTS RELATIONS—DISTRACTS NEIGHBOURS.

Lieut. T. H. HOWE, 53, Albert Rd., Ilford: GENERALLY SPEAKING—KAISER, WHEN NOT TELEGRAPHING.

Mr. G. H. POWELL, 106, Hornby Boulevard, Litherland, Liverpool:
GERMANY'S SURRENDER—NO "QUESTION" ABOUT IT.

Mr. J. ROWLAND, 51, Orchard Rd., Southsea: IN LONG RUN—GERMANY "PUTTING BACK" EVERYTHING.

Mr. C. MELTON, 15, Dowson St., Blue Bell Hill, Nottingham:
THE RIGHT TREATMENT—NAVY THROWING KAISER OVERBOARD.

Mr. W. BEAUMONT, 40, Alderley St., Salford, Manchester:
HAIG'S BOYS—WILL "DELIVER" BELGIUM INTACT.

Mr. J. ROBINSON-BURKE, 326, Iveagh House, Dublin:
WANTED IN PARLIAMENT—EVIDENTLY SOME MEMBERS' WIVES.

Pte. W. BURT, 18, Galveston Road, E. Putney: GENERALLY SPEAKING—PROMOTION "GOES BY" MERIT.

Mr. C. HOLDER, 18, Markham Sq., Chelsea: BOTTOMLEY'S MEETING—ENTRANCE FREE, NOT EASY.

Mr. F. MARCHANT, 1, Gordon Villas, Esher: DOUBLE EVENT—GERMANY'S DEATH—FREEDOM'S BIRTH.

Mr. C. H. KING, 135, Willbutts Lane, Rochdale: NEVER IN DOUBT—NATURE, ABOVE MEN REPRISALS.

MORE "SWAN" PENS

are made and sold to-day than ever before — yet dealer's stocks are small.

THIS IS the natural consequence of the enormously increased demand, both at home, for the Forces, and for export.

DEALERS' supplies are rationed. Those who have for years sold "SWAN" Pens largely and regularly, now naturally receive the more frequent supplies.

Go to the shops where "Swan" Pens are shown in the windows and insist on a "Swan."

The only fountain pen sold at pre-war prices.

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

Illustrated Catalogue free. Of all Stationers and Jewellers

At pre-war prices from 10/6

MABIE TODD & Co. LTD. London, Manchester, Paris, Zurich, Sydney.

SKIN TROUBLE?
Send for our Trial Bottle
FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Write to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free of the wonderful new skin discovery.

D.D.D. Prescription.

A liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM, HORSE BITES, AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. Cures speedily, permanently. Kills and throws off the disease germs deeply buried in the skin. Cure begins with the very first application of this wonderful wash. **Send to-day for the free trial bottle.** Will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered, and heals far more quickly than salves or ointments.

D. D. D. is obtainable at 2/9 of all chemists.

SEND FOR THE TRIAL BOTTLE NOW. If you remit 2d. in stamps we will enclose a 3½d. tablet of D.D.D. Soap.

D.D.D. LABORATORIES,
M.N. 30. Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

LEARN DUPLEYAN
ALMOST IN 12 LESSONS.
Highest Speed. Legible as print. 80 words per minute in 4 weeks. Handbook and Lesson Free.
Shorthand Association, Ltd., 398 Salisbury Hall, London, W.C.1
Tele.: 6811 Holborn.
SHORTHAND

List of 150 winners of Turkey Prizes in the above competition will be forwarded on receipt of 1½d. stamp, and will be published in the "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon. Any number of coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending. The order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

3. All coupons arriving too late to be dealt with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

4. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

5. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an apparent condition of entry.

"Just to please me!"

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6
£20 -	0 11 0
£30 -	0 16 6
£40 -	1 2 0
£50 -	1 7 6
£100 -	2 15 0
£200 -	5 10 0
£500 -	13 15 0

Larger Amounts pro rata.

YOU will be certain of pleasing her if you take her to the "Midland." The £100,000 worth of superb furniture always on view in the "Midland" Salons will appeal irresistibly to her sense of beauty And the sterling value shown in the plainly-marked "Midland" prices will appeal just as strongly to your business judgment. Come and compare those prices with what you would ordinarily be asked for furniture of anything like the same splendid quality to-day. You will see for yourself that

Money buys more at the "Midland."

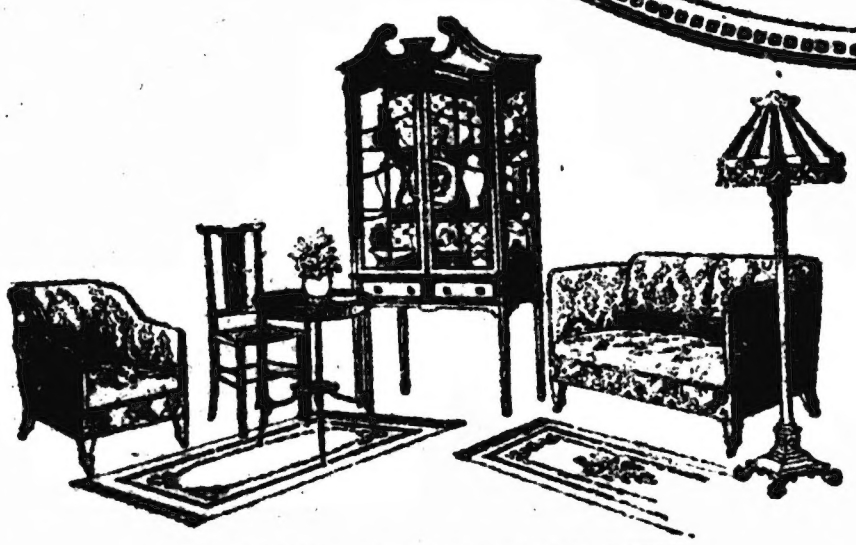
You always score by furnishing at the "Midland." If you pay cash you get 10 per cent. discount. If you prefer to furnish out of income you can select just what you want for your home, and pay for it just when you want — without disturbing your investments or inconveniencing yourself in any way. Under the **"Midland" Ideal Terms** you pay out of income; and you are not charged a single penny for credit or any extras whatsoever.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms is Insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.

Midland



A CHARMING DRAWING-ROOM SUITE,
designed by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents, for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. **Sats.—9 till 1.**

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

HOW EVERYONE CAN KEEP THEIR HAIR "FIT."

Follow the Lead of the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force.

The Secret of the "Always Smart" Appearance. 1,000,000 "Harlene" Outfits Free.

TO-DAY everyone—soldier, sailor, and civilian alike—desires a smart appearance, especially that well-groomed appearance of the hair for which our officers and men alike are world-famous. To-day such a gift is offered to all free, for you can obtain the wonderful four-fold "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit merely on making written application as directed below.

Already "Harlene Hair-Drill" has won a well-deserved popularity in the Navy, the Army, and the Civil Service, and also among National Service Workers of every kind. Millions practise it daily—it is a toilet exercise, takes about 2 minutes a day to carry out—and ascribe their fine and well-preserved hair even in war-time to its adoption. It is the secret of much of the "smartness"—what someone has called "the cold-tub appearance"—of the British Soldier and Sailor.

ENRICH YOUR HAIR TO-DAY.

There is no excuse to-day for any man or woman having thin, brittle, weak or falling hair. "Harlene Hair-Drill" overcomes every kind of hair trouble, no matter from what cause it springs. It preserves the hair in health and restores sickly hair back to health and beauty once more. Let "Harlene Hair-Drill" enrich your hair, and increase its value to you. Simply send 4d. stamps for postage, and a Free Harlene Outfit will be sent to your address.

THIS GIFT PARCEL COMPRISES:

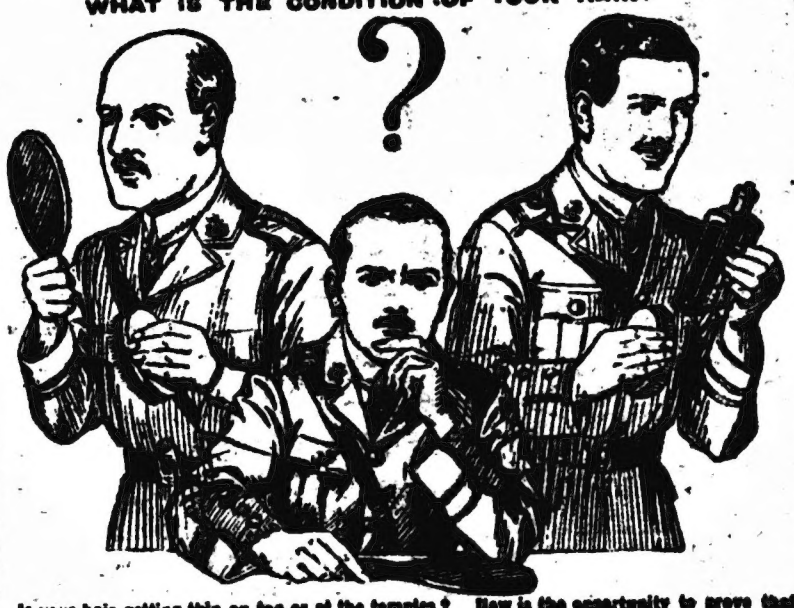
1. A bottle of the unrivalled hair food and hair tonic, "Harlene-for-the-Hair."

2. A "Cremex" Shampoo Powder to cleanse scalp and hair and prepare them both for "Harlene Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine which gives the hair the sheen and softness of silk.

4. Book of Directions for the successful carrying out of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Even on active service our soldiers like to keep their hair "fit" by the "Drill." It is "up to you" at home to do the same, especially when you can do so at such a small outlay of time and trouble. There is no excuse for you to have hair that is thin,



Is your hair getting thin on top or at the temples? Now is the opportunity to prove that "Harlene" Hair-Drill will grow new hair. It is a pleasant "two-minutes-a-day" toilet exercise, in every way beneficial to the health of your hair.

weak, brittle, dull, or too greasy, or hair that falls out at every combing and brushing.

NEW LIFE FOR YOUR HAIR.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" will banish and prevent the return of all unhealthy conditions, and you can prove this free as so many others have already done. Make up your mind to accept this free offer at once—to-day.

No man or woman to-day can afford to neglect his or her hair. Thick, lustrous, and beautiful hair has a definite cash value to everyone. It adds to your personal appearance, and a good appearance opens all doors to you. A woman has no charm to equal long, silken, and radiant tresses of beautiful hair, the inspiration of a thousand poems. To a man, healthy and well-conditioned hair gives dignity and crispness.

NO EXCUSE FOR UNHEALTHY, UNLOVELY HAIR

If you have not hair that is healthy, radiant and luxuriant, hair that is free from unhealthy accumulations, hair that defies Father Time, hair that glints and glistens in the sun, try "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day free of cost to you, except the small expenditure of 4d. in stamps to defray cost of postage and packing of your free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. or 4s. 9d. per bottle.

In solidified form, for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., at 2s. 9d per tin, with full directions. "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent on receipt of 6d. extra for postage direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM.

Cut out and send to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel to my address.

JOHN BULL, 23.11.18.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. [Mark envelope "Sample Dept."]

A £30,000 Book.

CUSTOMS OF THE WORLD.

FOR nine PENCE a week you can possess one of the most extraordinary and fascinating works ever published, "CUSTOMS OF THE WORLD," a popular account of the *most curious* customs of all countries relating to birth, childhood and youth, courtship, marriage, religion, magic, sorcery, superstition, witchcraft, death, funerals, burial, and mourning.

A few of the thousands of customs which are included are: On the birth of a child, a father will lie up as an invalid in addition to the mother; if a child of the undesired sex is born it is thrown into the sea; where women propose to men; the importance of the mother-in-law in different countries; peculiar divorce and marriage ceremonies; curious secret societies; sacrifices; human sacrifices; propitiation ceremonies; elaborate processions; mutilation and torture; suspending by the feet to a tree for many years; lying on spikes; idolatry; ghosts; sorcerers; charms; witches; magicians; suicides of wives; professional spirit-catchers; peculiar burial rites; curious memorials to prevent haunting; wearing of limbs and skull of the deceased.

These are but an odd few of the many customs dealt with popularly by great authorities and which are beautifully illustrated on Art Paper.

The letterpress throughout is by the leading authorities, and there are no less than 1,443 fine illustrations, selected from some tens of thousands, and 31 beautiful coloured plates.

The work consists of two large, handsome volumes, beautifully bound in half-morocco leather grain, elaborately gilded. It is sure to please you. Send 6 penny stamps to cover postage, and we will send you free 48 specimen pages and two coloured plates, printed on Art Paper, and worth at least one shilling. Send to-day to THE STANDARD ART BOOK CO., Ltd. (Dept. 139), 30-32, Cudgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

The "BLANCO" Tradition.
For more than a quarter of a century the old British Army "Blanco'd" itself clean and smart. This tradition, like the other worthy ones, holds true in the New Armies of to-day, and it holds because "Blanco" is still the most efficient article or its purpose.
In these Khaki-days
"BLANCO"
is made in 3 kinds:
"WEB-BLANCO"—a special preparation for cleaning all web-equipment.
"KHAKI-BLANCO"—for cleaning khaki-coloured Spats, Sun-helmets, Buckskin Belts, etc. May also be used for web-equipment.
"BLANCO" (the original kind) for cleaning all White equipment.
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Sole Manufacturers: JOSEPH PICKERING and SONS, Ltd., Burton Road, SHEFFIELD.

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SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

QUACKS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

Quackery cannot cure Venereal Disease. Quackery takes the money—and leaves the disease. Patent medicines are patent folly. To trust to casual "mixtures" or "capsules" is to run the greatest risks. The patient goes on paying and the disease goes on getting worse. Pounds and pounds disappear, but the discharge remains.

The cure of Venereal Disease demands expert medical skill and personal attention. That is why the Government has provided free treatments, where everyone can go under conditions of secrecy. All sufferers from Venereal Disease, including those who have taken a risk even if no symptoms appear, should go immediately to a doctor or to the Out-patients' Department of the nearest Hospital.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking your envelope "Medical."

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